

# NIAGARA



## to the SEA

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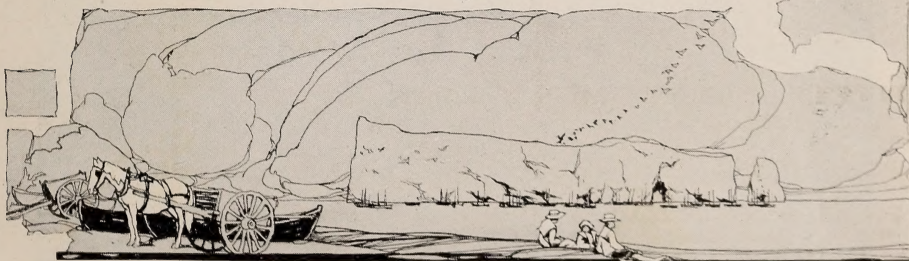
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# NIAGARA *to the* SEA

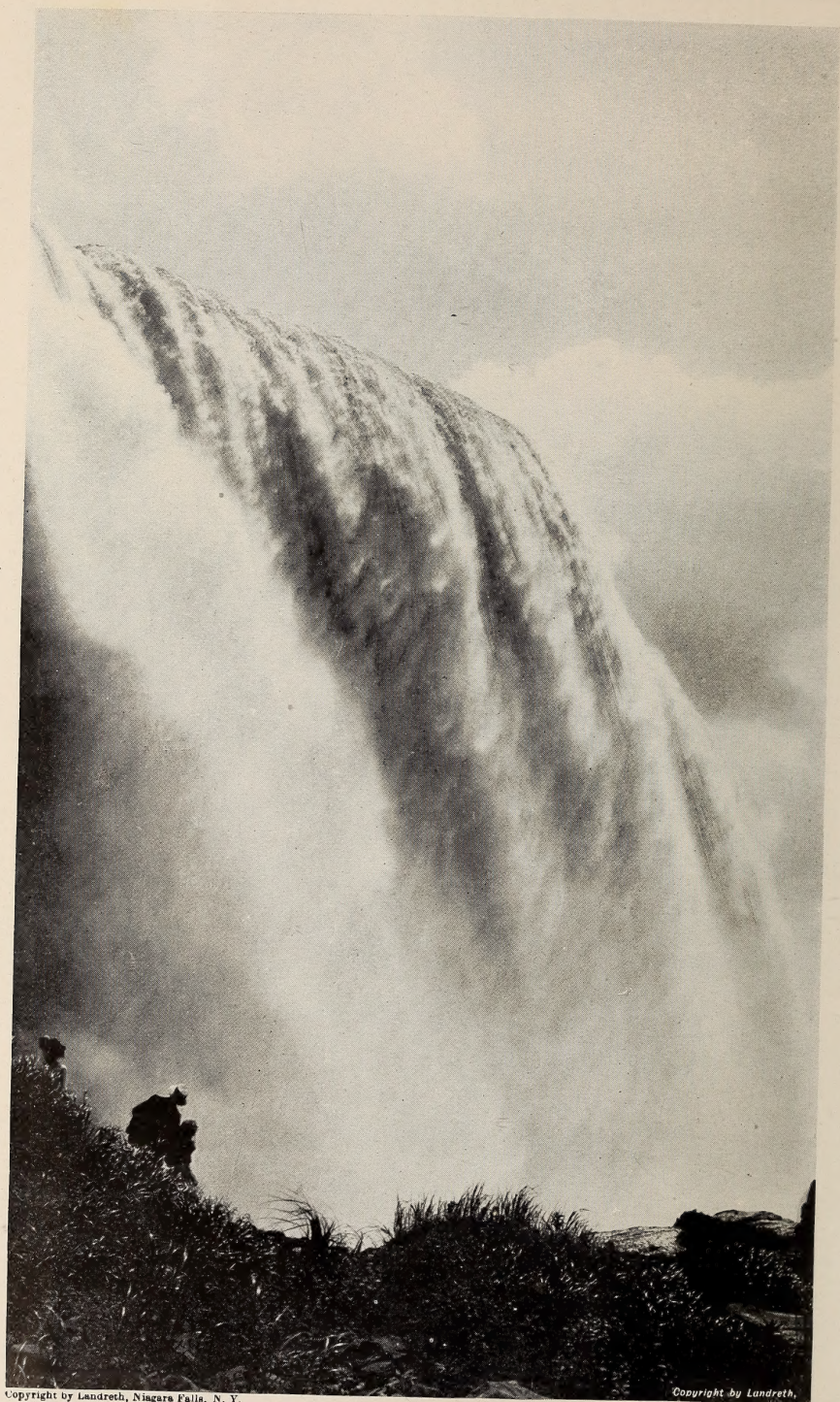


*by Garnault Agassiz*



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"We Hear the Roar of Niagara with Hennepin"





"From Where Superior Washes the Pre-Cambrian Rocks of her Rugged Northern Shores"

## FROM NIAGARA TO THE SEA

BY GARNAULT AGASSIZ

FROM the heart of the continent to the sea, from where Superior washes the pre-Cambrian rocks of her rugged northern shores to where the waters of the St. Lawrence lose their iridescence in the deeper blue of the Gulf, a two-thousand mile voyage through the most historic region of the New World, through a land of myriad lake and stream, majestic cataract, turbulent cascade, of terraced hill, undulating valley, precipitous mountain, its ever-changing landscape dotted, now by the habitation of the tiller of the soil, now by mine or mill, now by wayside hamlet, now by some monument to the storied past, and, intermittently, like the forged links in a giant chain, by mighty center of commerce, with always beyond, sentinelng the horizon, the deep, silent forest—such is the journey down the Great Lakes and River and Gulf of St. Lawrence, the most wonderful waterway on earth.

And the region traversed is one of extraordinary diversity, remarkable contrast.

An empire in area, it is in great part as primeval as when the pioneer penetrated its unexplored wilds; as when the truculent red man hunted his lawful prey, scalped his enemy, or smoked the pipe of peace.

Yet in sections it is highly developed. Within its confines are to be found the most productive silver, copper and iron mines in existence, the most valuable deposits of asbestos, vast fields of bituminous coal, and, in smaller measure, mines of gold, nickel, lead, platinum, zinc, arsenic, and corundum. Along its streams, and bordering its lakes, lie thousands upon thousands of fertile farms that bring forth in profusion many of the chief fruits of the earth.





"Its Waterways Carry a Greater Annual Commerce than Any One of the Seven Seas"



"Beyond the Frontier Nature Still Reigns Supreme"





"From its Waters Come Millions of Fish"

But with all he has accomplished, man has but conquered the outer fringe of this great empire. Beyond the frontier Nature still reigns supreme. There the trapper still plies his calling undisturbed. There the monarch moose still flaunts his challenge on the air, the deer and the caribou still roam unmolested. There the beaver still builds his house, the salmon, the trout, and the maskilonge still break the peaceful calm of the waters.

For the sportsman is only beginning to hear the call, and the territory is so vast that it will be many, many years before its primeval conditions will have been altered, before its rugged grandeur will have been despoiled.

In history, too, this region is very rich, veiled with an atmosphere of romance and tradition that is common to no other section. Here came the first explorers and soldiers, here the first messengers of the Word. This was the land of Cartier, Champlain, LeCaron, Joliet, LaSalle, Nicolet, Marquette, Cadillac, Jogues, Bréboeuf, and many other knights of the sword and cross who sought to conquer this heathen land for king and church. Here came the first traders to barter their cheap trinkets and fire-water for the valuable pelts of the North; here the pioneers to wrest from the soil the fruits of a primitive agriculture. Here occurred many of the most terrible of the Indian massacres. Here fell Wolfe and Montcalm, settling



"Its Forests Yield an Almost Incalculable Wealth"

Wherever man has his settlements graze vast herds of cattle. From its waters come millions of fish. Its forests yield an almost incalculable wealth. The pulse of industry throbs in its cities and towns. Its railroads link its magnificent distances and bring its peoples into common communion. Its waterways carry a greater annual commerce than any one of the seven seas.



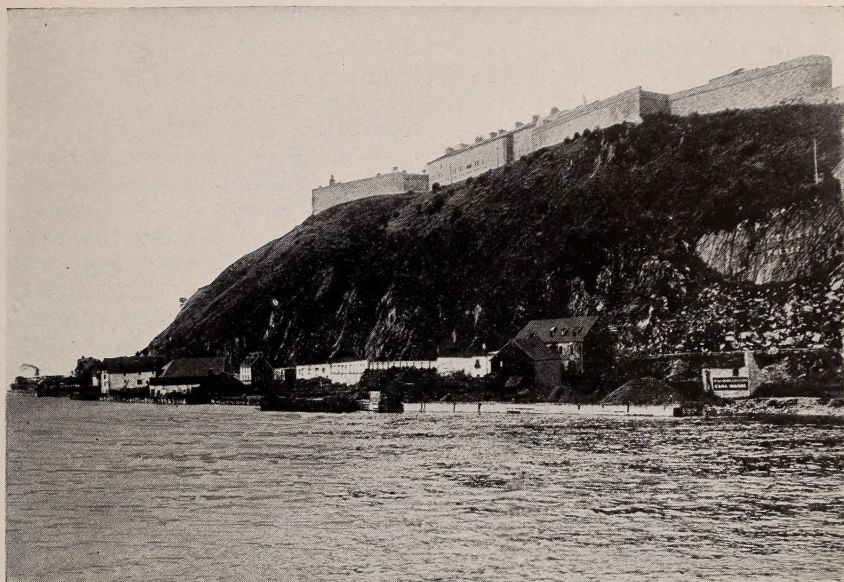


**"The Seven Rapids of the St. Lawrence, Culminating with the Lachine"**



**"Tadousac, Oldest Settlement of New France"**





"Quebec, Foundation Stone of the New World"

forever the destinies of New France. Here were fought some of the most sanguinary battles of the Revolutionary War and of the War of 1812. Here were laid the foundations of the Canada of to-day.

And on this wonderful summer voyage we see all these things as no history can depict them—see them in phantasy, of course, but as realistically almost as though they were but now.

We see Jacques Cartier, mariner of St. Malo, plant his cross on the Gaspé shores, linger a space at Tadousac, then proceed up the river to Stadacona and Hochelaga, those Algonquin villages that, wiped out by the fierce Iroquois, have grown up in a new civilization as Quebec and Montreal. We see Champlain, the true father of Canada, lay the foundations of Quebec, then follow him to the Georgian Bay in his fruitless search for a short route to the supposedly fabulously wealthy Indies. We retrace the footsteps of Marquette and LaSalle, Nicolet and Cadillac, witness the massacre of Bréboeuf, stand with DuLhut on the banks of the Kaministiquia, hear the roar of Niagara with Hennepin. We see the fur trader and the betrayed Indian, the birth of New World commerce and its baptism of blood. We climb the heights of Quebec with Wolfe, witness the struggle on the Plains of Abraham, the victor and the vanquished both lying silent in death. We watch the standard of France lowered, the flag of Britain unfurled; witness the wars of brother against brother, then the lasting peace wherein gun and sword are supplanted by plow and loom. We see the steel rails laid, the waters interlinked, the earth made to yield up her treasures—a glorious present evolved from a storied past.



Embracing in its entirety Duluth, Fort William, and Port Arthur, those busy gateways to the golden prairielands of the West; the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior; Sault Ste. Marie and the rapids of the St. Mary's River; the wooded shores of Huron; those summer playgrounds of strange contrast, Mackinac and Manitoulin; the remarkable archipelago of the Georgian Bay, with its scarcely explored thirty-two thousand islands; that busiest of world rivers, the St. Clair; the thriving city of Sarnia, with its international tunnel, oil refinery, and Huron Beach; peaceful Lake Ontario, with Toronto, "Queen City" of Canada, gracing its northern shores; that most famous of the earth's wonders, Niagara Falls, and the no less majestic Niagara Gorge; Queenston Heights, with their monument to Brock; martial Kingston; the renowned Thousand Islands; the seven rapids of the St. Lawrence, culminating with the Lachine; cosmopolitan Montreal, with her harbor and cathedrals, and her atmosphere redolent of days long gone; ancient Three Rivers, and more ancient Quebec—Quebec foundation stone of the New World, with its Plains of Abraham, its towering escarpments, and its monuments to heroes dead; Murray Bay, with its palatial Manoir Richelieu, commanding the river from the heights above; Tadousac, oldest settlement of New France, birthplace of the fur trade, its three-century-old church still standing; the indescribable Saguenay, with its lofty capes and almost fathomless depths; the lower river, with its mountains of Ste. Anne; the majestic Gulf, with its Bay of Gaspé, Percé Rock, and Bonaventure Island; fertile Prince Edward Island, with its countless farms and its quaint hospitality, and, away beyond, Nova Scotia, land of the exiled Acadians,—this surely is a voyage without a counterpart.



"The Majestic Gulf, with its Percé Rock and Bonaventure Island"



BUT AS it is the purpose of this story to deal chiefly with that portion of this voyage that has been capitalized for more than a quarter of a century under the title, "Niagara to the Sea," we will commence our journey at Niagara Falls, first paying a visit to the mighty natural phenomenon that in awe-inspiring magnitude, overpowering immensity, and scenic grandeur towers above the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World, the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the man-conceived cathedrals of Europe, the Temple of Solomon, and all the mythical institutions of legendary.

Niagara is, indeed, the most sublime of all Nature's handiwork. Such haughty grandeur, such riot of coloring, such compelling beauty, such strength of character, its like is to be found only in the galleries of the gods. To depict it perfectly were to scale the heights of Omnipotence, to usurp the powers of the Divine. For Niagara is a creature of a thousand moods. Its temperament is an ever-changing one. The glory of its face radiates from every point in the compass in a different way.

The sun is momentarily obscured, the waters lose for a trice the glorious colors his light bestows, we see and hear nothing but the relentless falling of the waters—the waters that hurl themselves across the yawning chasm with a power omnipotent, a force not to be assuaged.

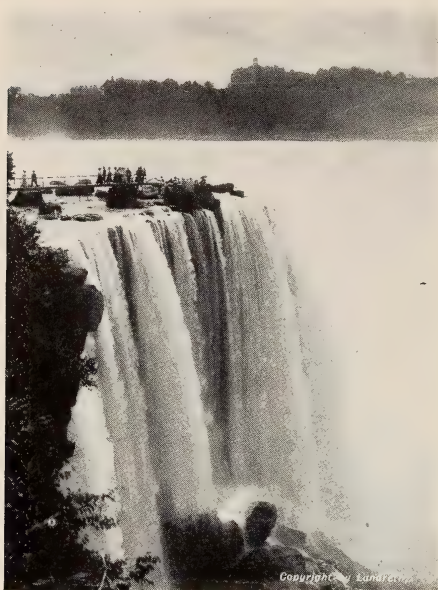
But of a sudden the sun bursts forth in all the glory of a summer afternoon, and the whole aspect of the scene is changed. Gloom and despair are overridden by a boundless joy, the all-dispelling joy of Nature. True, the waters still hurl themselves headlong to the awful depths below; true, the terrible chasm still yawns for its



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"'Niagara,' Thou Art, Indeed, the Most Sublime of All Nature's Handiwork"





"His Relentless Spirit Is Still Unassuaged"

lawful prey; true, the voice of the "Mighty Thunderer" still echoes from the untold depths, but those waters seem now to scintillate with a thousand crystals, to reflect strange colors and weird phantom shapes, to dance with a new-born impetus; that chasm seems to yawn less ominously, the voice of the "Thunderer" to speak with a cadence strikingly musical, and as the mist created by the fall rises snow-like to the sky, a veritable burnt offering, crowning the cataract with a glorious double rainbow, emblematic of victory and peace, the waters themselves glide off down the river, clear as crystal, yet verdant as the meadowland, smooth as glass,

yet turbulent as the mighty torrent that impels them—glide off down the river in the besetting peacefulness that marks the period of calm that precedes the storm, off down the narrowing gorge to be lost in the vortex of the rapids.

We look into the face of the abyss, observe the mighty onrushing of the waters, and watch them in their terrible leap, and we, too, like the untutored Indian of centuries gone by, seem to discover the Spirit of Niagara, seem to hear the voice of the "Mighty Thunderer"—the "Mighty Thunderer" who gives no truce, brooks no armistice, in his relentless war of annihilation against the rocks of time.

We are as one entranced. We are held mute as in the presence of one unseen. We are as one standing on forbidden ground. The majesty of the cataract overpowers us, the shades of the Great Spirit seem to hold us in their embrace. We are as one with the poor red man. Instinctively we see the Indian maid in her flower-bedecked canoe approach the apex of the Falls, her body erect, her demeanor courageous, her face to the sky; approach the apex, then go over, crowned with a celestial glory, a willing sacrifice to the "Mighty Thunderer."

And then we experience a transition, a transition that reveals to us the growing divinity of man. The Indian maiden and her flower-bedecked canoe are no more; her sacrifice is but a fantastic vision of the horizon of yesterday. The hunting grounds of her fathers are peopled by a new race of strong, virile men. Masterly and purposeful they are, and, secure in their creed of divine right, they know no fear, bow only to God. To them the earth is their destiny, the things of the earth their heritage; this wonderful natural phenomenon but a potent natural force to be brought under human control.



Gone is the Indian's superstition, the red man's impotency; terrible no more is the "Spirit of Niagara," ominous no longer his voice. Where stood the Indian maid, we now see, in phantasy, a thousand temples of industry; where rode the mist, a cloud as of smoke wafted toward the setting sun; where rested the rainbow, the bridge that points man across the Great Divide. The "Mighty Thunderer," who for untold centuries has run his relentless way, checked only by the martial legions of King Winter, still hurls his troubled waters down the awful abyss, his voice still speaks forth from the unfathomable depths, his relentless spirit is still unassuaged, his pristine omnipotence still unchallenged—but those waters have been trained to another task, that voice finds echo in the whirr of a myriad wheels, that power is reflected in a million ways; the unconquerable one is still unconquered, but he has become a mighty ally in the upbuilding of civilization.

From Niagara Falls, after having visited the Cave of the Winds, Goat Island, Prospect Park, Luna Island, the Hermits' Cascade, the Three Sisters and Little Brother Islands, Split and Table Rocks, the Queen Victoria Memorial Park, the Devil's Hole, scene of the awful Seneca Massacre, the famous home of Shredded Wheat, the huge power houses, and countless other places of interest, we proceed to Lewiston by way of the Great Gorge Route or New York Central Railroad, or to Queenston, Ont., via the International Railway.

The Niagara Gorge is one of the finest examples of erosion in America. Its almost perpendicular palisades, cut from the solid rock by time, the master sculptor, the stately pines that stand sentinel along its banks, its ever-changing, varicolored waters, its broken rocks, the quaint fishing traps that peep out intermittently along its shores—they must, once seen, forever silhouette themselves on our mental horizon, a picture too realistic to be erased.

The journey down the Gorge soon ends and we arrive at Lewiston, a typical little upper New York State village, and once a famous retreat for anglers. Here we board the "Cayuga," "Corona," "Chippewa," or "Chicora," for the trip down the Niagara River and across Lake Ontario to Toronto.

As one of the wonders of Nature, the Niagara River is unique. Less than thirty-six miles in length, it is insignificant in size among world rivers, but bearing upon its



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"His Pristine Omnipotence Still Unchallenged"





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"Against the Rocks of Time"

bosom the waters of four of the five Great Lakes, assisting in the draining of an enormous territory, it becomes, *ipso facto*, a mighty factor in the geography of a continent.

With the breadth of the lordly Hudson, the swiftness of the Tiber, the peacefulness of the Thames, the beauty of a thousand streams, the Niagara River stands alone among the waterways of the earth. It is, indeed, a stream of extraordinary divergencies. When it leaves Lake Erie it is only three-quarters of a mile wide, and its currents are quite swift. Then it broadens out to more than two miles and a half, embracing, in its course, Grand and a number of lesser islands, and flowing as peacefully as a Louisiana

bayou until within two miles of the Falls, where it begins to feel the effect of the cataract. A little less than a mile above the Falls it narrows perceptibly, forming the Upper Rapids. From this point it becomes the turbulent river that has made it famous throughout the world, dropping fifty-two feet to the mile before taking its headlong plunges of 165 and 159 feet over the American and Canadian Falls, respectively. The plunge negotiated, it broadens once more, flowing fairly smoothly until the Lower and Whirlpool Rapids are reached,



"Leaving Lewiston on the 'Cayuga' "



when, with an abounding fury and a turbulent magnificence, it rushes headlong down the Gorge until it reaches Lewiston, where it continues on a fairly even course to Lake Ontario.

There are few more delightful two-hour sails than that from Queenston, Ont., or Lewiston, N. Y., to Toronto.

Leaving Lewiston, we glide down-stream to Lake Ontario, stopping at Niagara-on-the-Lake, a fashionable summer resort reached by Michigan Central Railroad from Niagara Falls, Ont., and the scene of the annual encampment of the Canadian militia, and passing, at the river's mouth, historic Fort Niagara, an important United States military post.

Short as it is, this is one of the most impressive portions of our journey, the banks, which, at the start, towered above us, the



"Among Toronto's Public Buildings Are the Houses of Parliament"

precipitous escarpments that give to the Niagara Gorge so distinctive a charm, undergo a gradual but swift metamorphosis, until, by the time we reach Lake Ontario, they hardly rise above the waters. Crowning the banks are splendid forests of pine and spruce, with here and there a fruit farm or some other habitation, fitting into the landscape with perfect harmony, while behind us, commanding the surrounding country from the topmost heights, the monument to Brock seems always to frown.

Sailing steadily onward, we cross the most peaceful of the Great Lakes, and almost ere we know it are within sight of Toronto, the "Queen City of the Dominion."

Passing into the harbor, we are afforded a splendid view of the extensive improvements that are being undertaken by the city,





"A Front of Broad, Well-Paved Streets"



"More Than \$2,500,000 Have Been Expended on its Permanent Buildings"





"The National Barometer by which the Growth of All Canada Has Been Judged"

at a cost of over \$20,000,000, to provide better terminal facilities, additional protected anchorage, and a comprehensive scheme of esthetic development.

Beautifully situated on the northern shores of Lake Ontario, Toronto has been christened "The Queen City of Canada"—and it well deserves the appellation, for although essentially a manufacturing city, its thousand-odd plants having an approximate output of \$150,000,000, it has been so well planned that the industrial seldom protrudes, and to the visitor the city presents a front of broad, well-paved streets, splendid buildings and well-planned parks.

Built on a plateau that rises by regular degrees to a height of 220 feet, Toronto has an ideal situation and an equable climate.

Its facilities for sport are unlimited, the River Humber bordering its extreme western limits, the Don flowing through its eastern section, and its entire front being washed by Toronto Bay or Lake Ontario. It has many favorably located parks, affording ample provision for all forms of outdoor sport, while for the race lover, there are Woodbine, Dufferin, and Hillcrest parks, the first named being one of the most famous race tracks on the continent.

Toronto's educational and musical institutions attract students from every part of the Dominion and from the United States. Her most famous hall of learning is Toronto University, founded by Royal Charter in 1827, while other well-known institutions are Trinity, St. Michaels and Wycliffe colleges, McMaster University, the Toronto College of Pharmacy, the Toronto Veterinary College, the Toronto College of Physicians and Surgeons, the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, and the Ontario Observatory of Music.





"The City Hall, an Expressive Example of the Gothic"

Among Toronto's public buildings are the Houses of Parliament, Government House, the home of the Lieutenant-Governor; the Canadian Institute; Massey Hall; the Ontario Observatory; the Toronto Public Library; the Customs and Court Houses; St. Michael's Roman Catholic Cathedral; St. James Anglican Cathedral; the Metropolitan Methodist Church; the Bond Street Congregational Church; the Jarvis Street Baptist Church; and the St. Andrew's and Knox Presbyterian churches.

The City Hall, an expressive example of the Gothic, is one of the finest municipal buildings on the continent, the clock in its tower, constructed in England, being one of the largest in the world.

As the home of the municipally controlled Canadian National Exhibition, which attracts over a million visitors a year, Toronto has a world-wide fame. More than \$2,500,000 have been expended in the permanent buildings that house the various exhibits, and the event has been a mighty factor in the development of the agriculture, not alone of the Province of Ontario, but of the Dominion as a whole.

The history of Toronto is the history of Canada. Not one of those cities that has grown up, as it were, in a night, Toronto has reached its position as a world metropolis of a half million people by regular stages of development.



LEAVING Toronto for Montreal, we board the "Toronto" or "Kingston" and sail across the lake to Charlotte, our first stop. Charlotte is the port of call for Rochester, an important manufacturing center of more than 250,000 population, and one of New York State's most beautiful and progressive municipalities. Known the world over as the home of the Kodak, it is the world's headquarters for every character of photographic supplies. Within its confines, also, are to be found the largest optical establishment, the largest thermometer factory, and the largest custom fur tannery on earth. It is also an important center for the manufacture of leather goods, boots and shoes, clothing, carbon paper, typewriter ribbon, and various other staple articles, its 1,400 odd factories having an aggregate annual output of a value of more than \$100,000,000. Within its environs, too, are a number of large nurseries that, the foundation of a considerable seed industry, are responsible for Rochester being known universally as the "Flower City."

Near Rochester are Genesee Falls, Ontario Beach, Windsor Beach, Sea Breeze, Irondequoit Bay, and a number of other well-known resorts.

We leave Charlotte at ten o'clock and, after a night's sail, arrive at Kingston, one of Canada's three distinctively military towns.

In the dim light of early morning Kingston, "The Limestone City," with its gray stone ramparts, its grim martello towers, and its sentineled penitentiary walls, has a somewhat austere appearance, taking one back to the days of Frontenac, when this stronghold at the portals of the Great River was so important a factor in the sanguinary struggle between the French pioneer and his implacable Iroquois foe. But on nearer approach this effect is dispelled, for rising on every hand, side by side with these martial relics, are the more inspiring monuments to a century of peace—the college hall, the church, the factory, the home, the wheat



"One of New York State's Most Progressive Municipalities"



"We Leave Toronto on the Steamer That Bears the Name of That Progressive City"



"Being Known Universally as the 'Flower City'"





"Kingston, in the Somewhat Dim Light of Early Morning"

elevator, and the dock, the whole hemmed in on every side by the once primeval forest, its giant members enshrouding even the city itself in a mantle of glorious green.

Kingston was founded as a trading station under the name of Cataraqui, the river on which it is situated, about the middle of the Seventeenth Century, and, a few years later, in 1673, Frontenac, one of the greatest soldiers of his time, selected the site for a fort, conferring upon it his own name, and appointing as its commandant the redoubtable explorer, LaSalle. It was at Fort Frontenac that La Salle constructed the first vessel to navigate the waters of Lake Ontario.

Fort Frontenac was destroyed by the Iroquois in 1693 and its inhabitants massacred. Rebuilt two years later, it underwent many vicissitudes in the struggle between England and France, being in the hands of one or the other according to the fortunes of war. It was ceded to England in 1761, after the final treaty of peace, and the fort itself, which had been completely destroyed in 1758, was rebuilt in 1812 as Fort Henry.

Kingston received its name from Empire Loyalists who settled here after the Revolutionary War. In the War of 1812 it was the rendezvous and chief naval base of the British fleet operating in Lake Ontario, and since that time it has continued to be an important military post. To-day Fort Henry is garrisoned by Canadian regulars.

Kingston is a city of many interests. Among its educational institutions are Queen's University, one of the most notable of Canada's higher seats of learning, and the Royal Military College, the West Point of Canada. It is also an important commercial center, a great deal of wheat from Western Canada being trans-shipped to tidewater within its gates. Its industrial plants include the largest locomotive establishment in the Dominion. It is the Lake



"We Enter Manatoana, the 'Garden of the Great Spirit'"



Ontario head of the Rideau Canal, built in 1812, at the suggestion of the Duke of Wellington, at a cost of \$4,000,000, but, owing to railroad construction and improved transportation on the St. Lawrence now little used.

Leaving Kingston behind us, we sail past Fort Henry and enter that part of the St. Lawrence known as the Lake of the Thousand Islands—Manatoana, the Garden of the Great Spirit.

It is no stretch of the imagination to say that few on board are prepared for the magnificent kaleidoscopic view that is thrust so suddenly upon us, as, rounding Wolfe's Island, we enter the very heart of the world's most famous fresh-water archipelago. As far as the eye can reach, island upon island rise from the crystal waters, jewels in a studded bracelet, or fairy oases in a desert of snow. Islands are everywhere. They encompass us round about on every side. They seem to float by us in a never-ending procession. They stretch away to the front of us, and trail far to our stern.

And yet there is no monotony to the landscape. For this is a region of a thousand moods. Nothing seems to be quite the same as that which preceded it. Now, perchance, we sail past the privately owned island of some modern Croesus, terraced in a winding succession of steps with a myriad varicolored flowers, and crowned with a villa that well might be some feudal castle of the Old World; now another, whose varied charm has brought about its preemption by the Government; now one on whose wooded shores rises a palatial summer hotel; now, a less pretentious isle, barely large enough to provide the foundation for the bungalow that almost overshadows it; now by ornamental bridge, or by bridge of rock that even the elements



"Grim Martello Tower"



"Over the Whole Region There Seems to Cling a Latent Charm"



"Some Primitive Island That Seems to Have Been Overlooked by the Iconoclast"



have not been able to wear away, and, ever and anon, by some primitive isle that seems to have been overlooked by the iconoclast. Pleasure craft, from noble yacht to humble birch-bark canoe, flit by us on every side, and in the more sequestered places we catch a glimpse of the angler plying his patient calling as though out of touch altogether with the world. And over the whole region there seems to cling a latent charm—a charm that has in it the echo of exquisite music, such as that which Evangeline left in her wake as she passed down the village street.

It is, too, a region rich in historic interest, redolent of tradition. Before the coming of the white man, this was the summer playground of the Iroquois. Here, says tradition, the mighty Hiawatha met the two dusky Onondagas and counseled the alliance of the Six



"A Villa That Well Might Be Some Feudal Castle of the Old World"

Nations, and although Longfellow does not make it so the Lake of the Thousand Islands well might have been Minnehaha—Minnehaha, "Laughing Water," iridescent in the light of a Canadian summer morn, ever-sparkling, ever-changeful Minnehaha; Minnehaha well named.

Among these islands, also, is the famous Lost Channel, where in 1758 the British under Lord Amherst, on their way from Oswego to Montreal, entered the channel by error and were ambushed by the French and their Huron allies. They emerged victorious, but a small boat, containing coxswain and crew, never found its way out, hence its name.

Then there is Carleton Island, the rendezvous of Thayendaneagea, the terrible chief of the Six Nations who fomented the bloody massacres

of Cherry Valley, the Cedars and Stony Arabia. It was from this island, also, that the midnight raid on Deerfield, Mass., for the recovery of the Bell of St. Regis, was made. A fort was erected on the island at the close of the Eighteenth Century, known as Fort Carleton to the French, and Fort Haldimand to the British. In the Revolutionary War, Carleton Island was a popular refuge for the Tories of New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey.

Another famous island is the Devil's Oven, where "Bill" Johnston, the "patriot" or "pirate" of the Thousand Islands, according to the point of view, and his heroic daughter, "Kate," found shelter from their pursuers. Yet another is Lost Lover Island, where the Indian maid, on her fruitless search for her unfaithful lover, was



"It Is a Scene That Invites Us to Linger"

drowned, and still one more, Dark Island, where, in the War of 1812, the Frigate "Ensign" was scuttled and sunk with a loss of ninety lives.

Our first stop after leaving Kingston is Clayton, frequently called the "Gateway to the Thousand Islands," and a very popular resort.

We then proceed to Alexandria Bay, passing Frontenac Island, with its beautiful summer homes; Wellesley Island, the site of Thousand Island Park; Peel Dock, where the steamer "Sir Robert Peel" was burned by Johnston in 1838; Fishers' Landing, Jolly Oaks, and St. Lawrence Park.

Alexandria Bay is the Newport of the Frontier, its shores, and the shores of the innumerable islands that encompass it, being studded with fashionable hotels and beautiful private villas. Here, each year, assemble many of the leaders of the very best society in the





"Named After the Canadian Hero of the War of 1812"

United States and Canada and hundreds of prominent people from other lands.

It is a scene that invites us to linger, one of an infinite number of scenes in this land of varied enchantment. And should we succumb to the temptation, we will never have occasion for regret, for a sojourn among these enchanted isles is a little journey into the kingdom of

"care forgot" that knows no monotonous stage.

Alexandria Bay is left behind us, and soon the prow of our vessel is once more winding in and out of this wonderful island labyrinth.

The Summerland Group is left behind, then Grenadier Island, and, almost before we realize it, the Three Sisters, the last of the archipelago, are far to our stern, and Brockville, a thriving manufacturing town, named after the hero of the War of 1812, is reached.

From Brockville we proceed to Prescott, the burial place of Barbara Heck, one of the founders of Methodism, where we change to the "Rapids Prince" or "Rapids Queen," for the trip to Montreal, our steamer being too large to sail down the rapids.



"We Stop for a Moment at Ogdensburg"



"The Voyage Brings a Sense of Peaceful Content"

Passing out of Prescott Harbor, we are afforded a fine view of the lighthouse, once the old windmill where, in 1837, a body of "patriots," under Von Schultz, the Polish exile, held out for some days against the Canadian troops. Von Schultz was subsequently captured and hanged.

A little below, on the American side of the river, we catch a glimpse of the city of Ogdensburg, the site of the Onondaga mission founded by the Sulpicians in 1749, under the name of LaPresentation.

Shortly after this the waters that for so long have flowed as peacefully as the gentle brook through the meadow receive a sudden impetus, as though impelled forward by an unseen force, much as the child who has lingered too long among pleasant scenes is hastened homeward by the falling shadows, and in the space of a few moments, so it seems, the river has undergone a complete metamorphosis—the first of the rapids, the Galops, have been encountered.

If the voyage through the lake of the Thousand Islands brought a sense of peaceful content, the journey down these rapids brings a feeling of buoyant exhilaration. For it is as though our boat, by some strange transition, had been suddenly transplanted from calm lake to angry sea, whose billows rise above the rugged rocks, and waves break in mountains of spray. The rocks seem to rise in the very path of our ship, as though to bar our progress, are safely passed and left far behind. The waters lurch for their prey, and roll back in defeat, until before long, emerging like a conqueror from a field of battle, our ship is riding once more in calm waters.

Within an hour's time we sail through the Rapids-du-Plat, and a short while afterward, having "shot" the famous Long Sault, in point of length the most considerable of this remarkable series of graduated waterfalls, we reach Cornwall, where the international boundary veers away to the southward and the noble St. Lawrence becomes a purely Canadian stream.



Cornwall, a growing manufacturing town of 7,500 population, is situated at the head of the Cornwall Canal, by which the rapids of the Long Sault are surmounted. It has unlimited power, promising it a great future as a manufacturing center. Its most important industry is the manufacture of cotton. It is said to be the smallest town in Canada with a street railway.

Opposite Cornwall is the little village of St. Regis, in the Province of Quebec.

Leaving Cornwall, we pass Stanley Island, a summer resort, and enjoy a twenty-eight-mile sail on beautiful Lake St. Francis, which affords us a splendid panorama of the surrounding country, embracing the pastoral valley of the St. Lawrence, the foothills of the Laurentians and the distant Adirondacks.

Next we run the four interconnected rapids, Coteau, Cedar, Split Rock, and Cascade; first passing under the fine steel bridge of the Grand Trunk Railway at Coteau Landing.

Enchantingly exquisite is the scenery at this stage in our journey. Sparkling and clear, the waters of these four rapids dance with rhythmic whirr and joyous abandon through another gloriously verdant archipelago—just such a region as the Lake of the Thousand Islands must have been when naught but dusky Onondaga disturbed its silence.

But even here man's domination is not wholly submerged, for sailing down the Cedar Rapids we obtain a good view of the mighty power house that marks one of the most comprehensive hydro-electric developments in America.

The Cascades safely negotiated, we pass into Lake St. Louis, where the waters of the Ottawa meet those of the St. Lawrence, the murky brown of the former strikingly different to the deep blue of the latter. The two rivers flow side by side for a space, then the greater stream absorbs the smaller, the deep blue predominates once more, and Lachine comes into view.



"As Though Our Boat Had Been Transplanted from Calm Lake to Angry Sea"



**"The Most Famous Navigable Rapids in the World"**

Lachine, originally called St. Sulpice, was established on feudal lands presented to LaSalle by the Sulpician Fathers of Ville-Marie (Montreal), its name being changed in a spirit of derision to commemorate the famous explorer's abortive attempt to reach China by way of the St. Lawrence. In 1689 it was captured and destroyed by the Indians, and all of its inhabitants massacred. Before the opening of the Lachine Canal, in 1825, Lachine was a very important point, all merchandise up and down the river being transferred within its gates. Of late, through the development of the hydro-electric possibilities of the rapids, it has become quite an important manufacturing center, and has regained much of its pristine commercial importance.

Opposite Lachine is Caughnawaga, founded in 1721, as a walled city, and now an Iroquois reservation.

Lachine is reached and passed, and about fifteen minutes later we are descending, amid much excitement, the most famous navigable rapids in the world.

Falling fifty-six feet in their course of less than two miles, and possessing the most intricate and winding channel of all of the remarkable series, the ridges of rock rising alternately to left and right, the Lachine Rapids are navigated safely only through the exercise of consummate skill. But this skill is an accepted condition, for nowhere in the world, perhaps, can be found a more skilful navigator than the picturesque pilot of the St. Lawrence.

Sailing downward, we experience a delightful sense of exhilaration, occasioned partly by the really susceptible feeling of descent, and to a degree by the appearance of the broken rocks and surging waters.



Passing under the Victoria Jubilee Bridge, the greatest engineering feat of its day, we leave the heavily wooded shores of Nuns' Island behind us and steam into the magnificent harbor of Montreal, the metropolis of Canada, and one of the greatest seaports on the continent.

There have been many cities in America that have grown up in the last century, magnificent tributes to our civilization, but few, indeed, that have undergone such revolutionary changes as the romantic old city of Montreal, which, under two flags, has played so important a role in New World history.

Although visited by Jacques Cartier in 1535, Montreal was not founded until more than a century later, when Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, established, on behalf of the Montreal Company, the religious community of Ville-Marie, which its sponsors fondly hoped was destined to become a "Kingdom of God in the New World."

From its foundation, Ville-Marie had a checkered career, its first inhabitants suffering terrible hardships and living in constant dread of the Iroquois. In the very first brush with these dreaded foes, indeed, Maisonneuve himself nearly lost his life. The improvised fort was besieged, and, against his advice, his followers insisted on making a sortie against the enemy, relying on superiority of weapons for certain victory. Unaccustomed to Indian warfare, however, and impeded by the deep snow, they sustained heavy losses, and regained the shelter of the palisades with great difficulty. Maisonneuve, as though to challenge the implied suggestion of cowardice at his unwillingness to meet the Indians, remained on the outside until his last follower was safe, and just as he was entering he was attacked by the Indian Chief, whom he slew at a single blow, which



"Passing Under the Victoria Jubilee Bridge, the Greatest Engineering Feat of its Day"



**"On Every Hand Rise Cathedral, Church, Convent, and College"**



**"We Enter the Magnificent Harbor of Montreal"**



disaster so disheartened the besiegers that they withdrew for the season, and the little settlement was saved. A few years later the massacre of its every inhabitant was averted by the noble sacrifice of Dollard and his sixteen companions at the Long Sault of the Ottawa.

But Ville-Marie was destined to be more than a religious community. Its strategical importance soon attracted the trader, and before long it had become the recognized headquarters of the fur trade for all Canada, its name being changed to Montreal, after the mountain which had been ascended and named by Cartier more than a century before.

Montreal surrendered to the English in 1760, and in 1775-76 it was occupied by the American troops. In the troublous days of '33, when the Canadian parliament was temporarily suspended, it was the seat of the Legislative Council that superseded it.

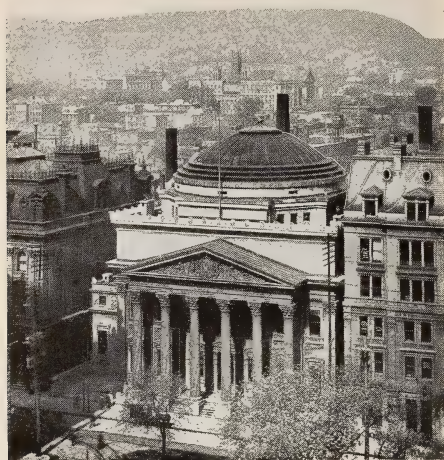
In the three-quarters of a century since then, Montreal has enjoyed a steady growth, its position as first city of the Dominion never having been seriously threatened.

And its future development promises to be even more pronounced. Situated at the head of ocean navigation on the St. Lawrence, and at the tidewater end of Canada's great inland waterway to the heart of the continent, occupying a peculiarly strategical position in relation to the Dominion as a whole, endowed with cheap power and most of the other essentials for successful manufacturing, Montreal, already a city of more than seven hundred thousand souls, is passing through an era of constructive development that promises to make it, some day, one of the mightiest cities on earth.

The harbor facilities, too, are being steadily extended by the construction of new and larger docks, additional grain elevators, larger warehouses, and more modern handling appliances,



"St. James' Cathedral, a Replica of St. Peter's, Rome, in Dominion Square"



"The Romantic Old City of Montreal"

providing it with the necessary equipment to care for the vast commerce that the future is sure to bring.

Montreal has many historic associations. The most famous of its many landmarks of the past, perhaps, is the Chateau Ramezay, which, constructed in 1705, is now the home of a comprehensive antiquarian museum, reflecting the storied past of New France. The Chateau Ramezay, then known as the India House, was for many years the headquarters of the Canadian Fur Trade, and it was in this historic mansion that,

after the capture of the city by the American troops, the Commissioners of Congress, Franklin, Chase and Carroll, met under Benedict Arnold.

Other points of historic interest are: the Place d'Armes, where Maisonneuve slew his dusky opponent; the Champ de Mars; the Bonsecours Market; the Warehouse in Vaudreuil Lane where John Jacob Astor laid the foundations of his vast fortune; the birthplace of Pierre Lemoine, on St. Sulpice Street, and a hundred and one other places associated with the early explorers and churchmen whose names are part and portion of the history of the country.

Founded as a religious settlement, Montreal, even with its remarkable commercial development, has lost none of the religious atmosphere that so distinguishes it from other metropolitan centers. On every hand—interspersing skyscraper, hotel, store, and residence—rise cathedral, church, convent, and college, giving the city a somewhat old-world appearance.

Chief among its sanctuaries is the Church of Notre Dame, one of the most magnificent ecclesiastical structures



"The Most Famous of its Many Landmarks  
Is the Chateau Ramezay"





"Chief among its Sanctuaries

in America. A splendid example of the Gothic, it is 255 feet long, and 135 feet wide, while its twin towers rise to a height of 227 feet. It is furnished with a fine chime of eleven bells, of which one, LeGros Bourdon, weighs twelve tons.

Other famous Catholic edifices are: St. James' Cathedral, a replica of St. Peter's, Rome, in Dominion Square; Notre Dame de Bonsecours, the oldest church in the city; Notre Dame de Lourdes, St. Louis de France, and the Church of the Jesuits.

The more important Protestant churches are: Christ

Church Anglican Cathedral; the Erskine Presbyterian Church, the First Baptist Church, and the St. James' Methodist Church.

Montreal's most famous college is McGill University, founded in 1811, while other institutions are: Montreal College, Mount St. Louis College, the Jesuit College, the Theological College, and a branch of Laval University, Quebec, all but McGill being Catholic establishments.

No visitor to Montreal should forego a visit to the mountain, which can be reached by incline railway, foot, or conveyance. From its summit one is able to obtain a magnificent kaleidoscopic view of the city and surrounding country. Looking from its lofty heights we see, to the far west, the Ottawa River, just where it converges with the St. Lawrence; to the north, the bold Laurentians; to the southeast, the Adirondacks; to the southwest, the Blue Mountains of Vermont; in the middle distance, the fertile valley of Canada's mightiest river spread before us as on a map; at our feet the city, with its harbor, ships, grain elevators, docks, churches, public buildings, factories, and homes, standing out in striking contrast.



"Is the Church of Notre Dame"



"We Leave Montreal on One of the Palatial Sister Ships, Montreal or Quebec"

FROM MONTREAL we proceed to Quebec on the "Montreal" or "Quebec," the magnificent steamers that make travel between these two cities so great a pleasure.

Leaving the harbor, we pass, on our right, St. Helen's Island, from whose shores, in 1613, Champlain commenced his famous trip to the headwaters of the Ottawa. Seven miles farther down we see the little village of Boucherville, whose church register contains the name of an Indian infant baptized by Marquette in 1668, probably the first baptism celebrated in Canada, while a mile and a half below, on our left, the pretty little church of Point-aux-Trembles is passed. Very soon we are abreast of Varennes, whose establishment dates back to 1673, its twin-towered modern church appearing to splendid advantage in the waning light. Varennes has a miracle spring and endowed mineral waters that attract a large pilgrimage.

The next point of interest is Vercheres, easily distinguished by its old French windmill, and then Sorel, a growing manufacturing center at the mouth of the Richelieu River.

Leaving Sorel, the river widens into Lake St. Peter, once very shallow and a favored spot for lumbering operations, but now cut with a channel sufficiently deep to accommodate the largest ocean liners that sail the St. Lawrence.

Three Rivers, the head of tidewater, is reached in the night. This prosperous little city was founded in 1634, and played an important part in the early history of Canada. Its chief industry is lumbering, although it has other important industrial establishments. A number



of Catholic institutions have their headquarters here, their buildings giving the city quite a metropolitan appearance.

When we appear on deck in the morning we are nearing Cape Rouge, where Jacques Cartier wintered on his second voyage to Canada, and where, in the following year, Roberval unsuccessfully attempted to form a settlement. Roberval's was the first colonization scheme in Canada, and attracted the first women and children. But, ill-provisioned and unacclimated, the settlers had a terrible winter, and the following summer were only too willing to return to the sunny shores of France.

It was from about opposite Cape Rouge that Wolfe and his little army floated down to the cove that now bears the name of the famous British general for the memorable night ascent of the Quebec escarpment, of which we obtain a good view after passing under the still unfinished Quebec bridge, the scene of so terrible a disaster a few years ago.

Shortly after this we come abreast of Cape Diamond—the Gibraltar of the New World—and a moment later, in sudden sweep, Quebec itself comes into view—Quebec, cradle of New France, mother of all Canadian cities.

A city unto itself, there is something about Quebec's majestic isolation that makes it seem to stand apart from man, a page from the book of the infinite. What is it about this grim fortress, we ask ourselves, intuitively, that so obsesses us—that makes us feel so small in contrast? Is it the gray stone ramparts, the yawning moats, or the guns that frown so threateningly? Is it beautiful Dufferin Terrace, with its stately Chateau Frontenac? Is it the



"Three Rivers Is Reached in the Night"



"We Must Climb to the Heights of the Citadel. It Is a Labor Well Rewarded"



venerable halls of Laval, or the many imposing religious edifices; the architectural splendor of its houses of Parliament, or the towering Citadel that commands its topmost heights, or, perchance, the atmosphere of medievalism that clings to it in spite of centuries of progress?

No, it is none of these; they are merely incidental—embellishments, as it were, on a finished canvas. It is the rock itself that is transcendental, overshadowing all else—the rock that, standing at the portals of this great water highway to the heart of the continent, is the fabric foundation stone of the wonderful civilization that has been built up in this hemisphere.



"Where Champlain Laid the Foundation of the City and of New France"

But to obtain a true appreciation of the commanding position of this impregnable fortress, we must climb to the heights of the Citadel. It is a labor well rewarded. Below us lie, in striking contradistinction, the Upper and the Lower towns, the one typical of Twentieth Century endeavor, the other reminiscent of days long past; at our feet, the magnificent harbor, with its modern docks and its ships of every flag; across the river, the City of Levis and its fortified heights; to the east, the picturesque St. Charles, pursuing its sinuous course through fertile valley of "ribboned farm;" on the distant horizon, the irregular peaks of the Laurentian range; encompassing us round about, the Citadel walls and the Plains of Abraham, and stretching beyond us, a veritable silver sheen, the silent river, helping by its omnipresence to make this a composite picture—a tribute to the complete symphony of Nature.



"In Quebec We Live Again the Past"

In Quebec we live again the past—every turn in the road a footprint to yesterday, every street, almost every house, a hallowed memory. There is the spot where Champlain laid the foundations of the city and of New France; the Basilica, consecrated by Mgr. Laval de Montmorency, first bishop of Quebec, whose see embraced all the then-known Canada, itself occupying the site of the ancient church of La Recouvrance, erected to commemorate the evacuation of the city by the English, under Kirke; the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, celebrating the failure of the two British naval expeditions under Phipps and Walker, respectively; the Church of the Franciscans, consecrated to the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, its white-robed nuns ever before the altar; the Anglican Cathedral, built on the site of the chapel and con-

vent of the Récollet Fathers, the first soldiers of the Cross to set foot in Canada; St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, erected in 1759, for the use of the 78th Highlanders, who came to Quebec with Wolfe; St. Roch's, where rests the heart of Archbishop Plessis; St. Patrick's, built for the Irish Roman Catholics in 1833; the Ursuline Convent, within whose sacred chapel the mortal remains of Montcalm await the sounding of the last trumpet—an institution which, since 1639, has been the chief center of education for the Catholic womanhood of Canada; the Hotel Dieu, most ancient of Canada's hospitals, founded in the same year by the Duchess d'Aiguillon, a niece to the famous Richelieu; Laval University, established in 1668 as the Quebec Seminary and granted a Royal Charter in 1852; the ancient walls, first built by Frontenac, and renewed through succeeding generations; the Citadel, erected in 1823, at a cost of \$50,000,000, from plans approved by the "Iron Duke;" the postoffice, constructed on the site of the Old Chien d'Or Building, the inspiration of Kirby's novel—a building, says tradition, later occupied by the Innkeeper, Miles Prentice, whose pretty daughter so captivated Nelson that he might have married her had not his discreet shipmates spirited him away in the night; the St. Louis Gate, first built in 1693; the Archbishop's Palace; the Hotel de Ville, occupying the site of the first Jesuit College, the oldest University in America; the monuments to



soldiers and churchmen, friend and foe; the spot where fell the brave Montgomery; the Chateau Frontenac, constructed on the site of old Fort St. Louis; the house of Madame LaPeau, paramour of the Intendant Bigot; the little house on St. Louis Street, said to be the oldest building in Quebec, where Montcalm had his last headquarters, and where were drawn up the articles of capitulation; the Dufferin Terrace, where Champlain laid the foundations of the city and of New France—and a thousand and one other points of interest that take us back to the dim, distant past.

But Quebec is not alone a city of antiquity, living in the atmosphere of a bygone day. On the contrary, it is a throbbing industrial metropolis, with varied activities and a considerable developed commerce. Its manufacturing interests are large and diversified, boots and shoes being the predominant product.

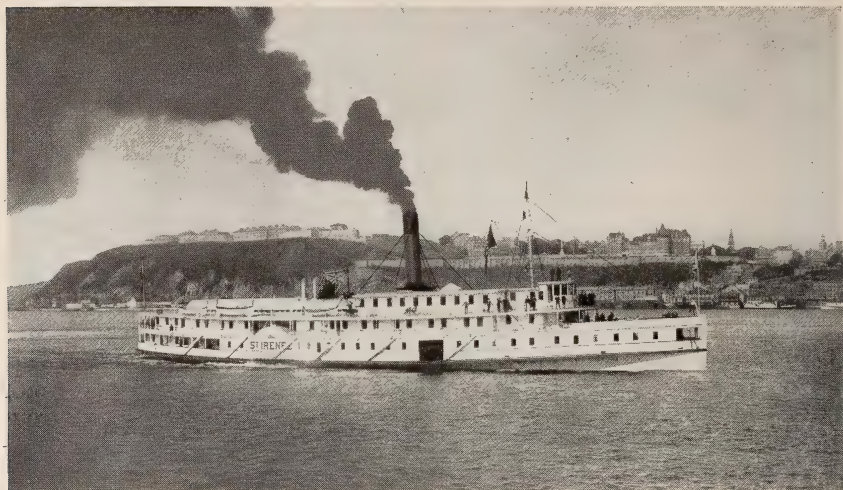
As a port of trade, too, Quebec is becoming annually more important. To its docks come the largest ships in the St. Lawrence service, and there is every reason to believe that when the Government Transcontinental System is in full operation, and the Quebec Bridge has been officially opened, it will receive a tremendous industrial impetus.

Within fifty miles of Quebec, too, are the largest deposits of asbestos in the world, while the value of the timber in its surrounding forests is incalculable.

To the one who knew Quebec ten years ago, the city would present some remarkable changes. Not that it has lost any of its quaint characteristics, nor discarded the mantle of medievalism that has signaled it out from among other cities, but that, combining in perfect harmony the new era with the old, she has become a mighty center of commerce as well as a city of antiquity—a fitting link between the Canada of now and the New France of yesterday.



"The Guns That Frown So Threateningly"



"Leaving Quebec on the 'St. Irenée'"

OUR NEXT stage in this wonderful voyage from the heart of the continent to the sea is a journey to the Saguenay and return, a trip that no one visiting Quebec can afford to forego.

Leaving Quebec on the "Saguenay," "St. Irenée," or "Tadousac," all finely appointed vessels, we sail past the Island of Orleans, named by Cartier on account of the infinite number of grapes that grew on its shores the Isle of Bacchus. Looking over the island to the northern shore of the river we have a fine view of the lofty summit of Mount Ste. Anne, which rises 2,687 feet above the St. Lawrence and at whose base nestles the village of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, wherein is located the famous shrine that attracts an annual pilgrimage of nearly a quarter of a million of the faithful. The original chapel at Ste. Anne was built a few years after the founding of Quebec as a votive offering by two Breton fishermen, who were saved from the storm, so they felt, by the patron saint of those picturesque toilers of the deep. The first edifice was reconstructed in 1660, and since then it has been frequently remodeled. It still stands, but for practical purposes has been replaced by a magnificent basilica.

The first miracle credited to Ste. Anne's occurred about the middle of the Seventeenth Century, and since that time no year has passed without a number of miraculous cures having been recorded. One of the interesting sights at Ste. Anne is the pile of



"The Ancient Caïque"



crutches and surgical appliances that, discarded by those who have found healing, are piled in the church as tangible evidence of the cures effected.

Among the treasured relics of Ste. Anne is a portion of the wrist bone of Ste. Anne, who was the Mother of the Virgin Mary.

The Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré is reached by electric car from Quebec, which passes, about midway, Montmorency Falls, more than a hundred feet higher than Niagara.

Passing the extreme end of the Island of Orleans, we point toward the North Shore. Reaux Island is on our right, and just beyond can be seen Grosse Island, the quarantine station, where, in the terrible summer of 1847, more than 7,000 immigrants died of cholera and fever. In the farther distance Crane's Island can be dimly seen, its rugged shores seeming to form an integral part of the mainland. On Crane's Island, if time has not completely effaced them, are the ruins of the historic Chateau Le Grande, where, in the days of Old



"Montmorency Falls—Higher than Niagara"



"For Practical Purposes the Little Chapel Has Been Replaced by a Magnificent Basilica"

Quebec, a jealous wife kept her too handsome husband a prisoner hermit until his death, when she herself returned to France and assumed the veil.

Skirting the North Shore, we are afforded a splendid view of the ruggedness of the scenery of this magnificent river and the mighty Laurentians that fringe the horizon beyond it. Capes Tourmente, Rouge, Gribanne, Maillard and Grande Pointe flit by us in rapid succession, and, then, at the foot of a mountain 2,640 feet in height, we catch a glimpse of the picturesque little village of St. Francois Xavier.

Soon Baie St. Paul, our first port of call, is reached and we are afforded an opportunity to view the Quebec habitant in his native



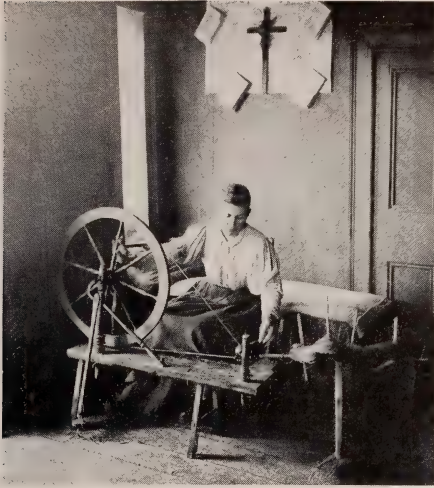
"Above Us, Amid the Pines, the Palatial Manoir Richelieu"

environment. Baie St. Paul, its church steeples conspicuously predominant, lies in a hollow between two great promontories, at the base of one of which, a mile or so from the village, we dock, our landing station, with its yellow and red painted buildings, scrupulously clean, adding a pretty touch to the landscape.

Under steam once more, we proceed to Eboulements, passing Isle Coudres, "the Island of Ravens," especially interesting, geologically, from having been separated from the mainland by volcanic action in the distant long ago. The island was further reduced in 1640 by a terrible earthquake that, according to available historical records, "overturned mountains and made trees to stand on their branches."

Passing Cape St. Joseph, the primitive little hamlet of Notre Dame, and Capes Martin and Goose, with the Eboulements Mountains always in view, we make a short call at St. Irenée, and some twenty





"Typical of French Canadian

charming girl in chic riding costume, village maiden in plain homespun, man of fashion, simple habitant, restless thoroughbred, decrepit nag, modern brougham, and ancient calèche, and towering over all the precipitous escarpments and the mountains beyond.

Murray Bay, just ninety miles from Quebec, commanding a magnificent view of the River St. Lawrence, at this point fourteen miles in width, in winter time is a quaint old French Canadian village, differing in no important detail from the hundred and one villages of the picturesque old province of Quebec, but in the season of summer, when the spinning wheel and the hand loom have been laid aside, it is metamorphosed into a rendezvous of the elect, patronized by the fashionable from all over the continent. Here ex-President Taft has his summer residence, and on its fine golf course finds complete abandon in his favorite pastime. Here, also, come many other people of note, their summer villas standing out in strange contrast to the humble homes of the villagers.

Facing the river, high on a precipitous escarpment, in a natural grove of stately pine and balsam, stands the "Manoir Richelieu," the center of all activities in the life of the colony—a palatial hotel, magnificently appointed, and,

minutes later reach Murray Bay, Canada's most exclusive summer resort and a famous rendezvous for fashionables from all over America.

Very different from that at our last two ports is the scene at Murray Bay; different, perhaps, from any scene to be found on this continent. Above us, amid the pines, rises the palatial "Manoir Richelieu"—beyond, to our right, in partial seclusion, the ancient village, typical of French Canadian rural life; on the dock below us, strangely intermingled, are beautifully gowned woman, liveried groom,



Rural Life"



"A Myriad Bridle Paths"

architecturally, fully comparable to the hotels of Atlantic City, Palm Beach, and other famous resorts of Dame Fashion.

Many and varied are the diversions at Murray Bay. First in popular esteem are the picturesque golf links. Then there is the swimming pool, supplied with running salt water from the tidal river below. For the horseman, a myriad bridle paths leading into the hidden recesses of the Laurentians; for those who

drive, the modern brougham and the ancient calèche and miles of splendid roads; for the angler, stream and lake teeming with speckled beauties and other fish; for the yachtsman, the bay and the river beyond; while for the lover of the indoors there are the "Manoir Richelieu's" ball-room, billiard parlor, and well-appointed cafes—and so on, *ad infinitum*.

Calèche driving is a particularly popular form of diversion, the calèche being a little trap-like equipage introduced from France by the first settlers, and now seen only in Quebec and the French Canadian villages within easy distance of that historic city.

Among the interesting drives in the vicinity of Murray Bay are those to Upper Fraser Falls, whose waters drop, in two successive leaps, 290 feet, to Nairn Falls, especially fascinating in August, when



"First in Popular Esteem Are the Picturesque Golf Links"



the salmon are running; along the coast to Cap à l'Aigle, from where a magnificent view of the river and Pointe au Pic is obtained, and to distant Grand Lac, which lies in the hidden recesses of the mountains beyond the hamlet of St. Agnes.

Leaving Murray Bay, we pass Cap à l'Aigle, named by Champlain on account of the numerous eagles that built their eyries in its topmost heights, stopping on occasion at the quaint little village that rests at its foot, and then proceed to St. Simeon, in the Bay of Rocks, obtaining a magnificent view of the rugged coast and those splendid promontories, Capes Salmon and Dog. Into the eastern end of this sheltered bay are emptied the waters of the River Noire, which derives its name from the dark lake which is its source. The lakes behind St. Simeon teem with trout, and are becoming more popular with the angler as the years go by.

From St. Simeon we proceed to the Saguenay and Tadousac, making a wide detour to avoid the shallow waters that cover Larks' Reef.



"In Two Successive Leaps"



"Commanding a Magnificent View of the River St. Lawrence"

At its confluence with the St. Lawrence the Saguenay forms a large oval bay, enclosed by mountains that in their grandeur are comparable to the Highlands of Scotland, but are infinitely more rugged. At first vision no river is visible, towering cape and precipitous mountain seeming to forbid the further encroachment of the waters. Altogether, we count no less than seven great peaks, each rising higher than his fellow. To our left, on the wide sand beach that separates the river from the mainland proper, we observe a little village, its church redeeming the lonesomeness of the landscape; to our right, at the foot of a great Laurentian giant, the village of Tadousac, its church steeple and the windows of its great hotel reflecting back to us the scintillating rays of the dying sun.



"At its Confluence with the St. Lawrence the Saguenay Forms a Large Oval Bay"

Historically, Tadousac is one of the richest settlements in Canada. Long before Jacques Cartier anchored in its beautiful protected bay it had been a favored rendezvous of the aborigines. How long before Cartier the first white men had come, no one can say, but tradition claims that the ancient Iberians were here long before the dawn of the Christian era, and that the fierce Vikings also paid it a visit. Following Cartier, came the Basques and Breton fishermen, hunting the whale, once so profitable an industry.

At the opening of the Seventeenth Century Tadousac had become an important fur-trading station, the Basques having recognized the greater possibilities of the fur business compared with that of whaling, and the Indians, too, being only too willing to find a market for the trophies of the chase.



One year before this, in 1599, Pierre de Chauvin, with Pont-Gravé, Sieur de Monts, as a passenger, landed at Tadousac, and, with the intention of establishing a settlement there, constructed on its shores the first real house erected in Canada, after which he returned to France, leaving sixteen of his companions behind him as the nucleus of the colony to be. Most of these, however, succumbed to lack of nourishment and exposure, and the balance returned to France convinced of the utter futility of Canadian colonization. Chauvin made two more voyages to Tadousac, then died, and his work was continued by Pont-Gravé, who might never have been remembered to history had he not brought to Canada one who was to loom large in her future destinies—Champlain.



"The Hotel Tadousac, Magnificently Situated"

Pont-Gravé and Champlain arrived at Tadousac on May 25, 1603, being greeted by more than a thousand Indians, who swore fealty to the French, and in return were promised protection from their dreaded foemen, the Iroquois. It was in this year that Champlain ascended the Saguenay to Lake St. John in search of the mythical kingdom of the Saguenay, which, like the Eldorado so vainly sought by DeSoto, turned out to be a mythical creation of the Indian mind, given birth solely for the white man's benefit.

Because of its rugged aspect the chief cape at Tadousac was named La Pointe de Tours des Diables, and in 1615 the Récollet Fathers landed there with the avowed purpose of driving these devils out. Their mission constituted the first Christian establishment in Canada.



"It Is Said To Be the Oldest Place of Worship in America"

Tadousac was captured and destroyed by Kirke in 1628, but this sea rover soon evacuated it, and it was rebuilt on more permanent lines. In 1648 the little chapel, still standing, was constructed. It is said to be the oldest place of worship in America. Of course it has undergone frequent alterations, but the main

outlines of the building are believed to have been preserved, and the same bell still rings out the Angelus. In the eventide, as the villagers stroll toward the church, just as they did in the days of New France, one might well believe he had been translated into the Canada of two centuries ago.

In 1661 Tadousac was visited by the Iroquois and reduced to ashes, the little chapel of the Jesuit Fathers alone being spared, evidently from Indian superstition.

From Tadousac, in the summer of 1671, went to Hudson's Bay, by way of the Saguenay and Lake St. John, the expedition of reconnaissance under the priest-diplomat, Father Albanel, with the exception of Radisson and Chovart, the first Frenchman to reach this northern sea, and eight years later Joliet paused here on his voyage to the same region. Here, also, Sir William Phipps, commander of the New England naval expedition sent against Quebec in 1690, lingered for six weeks, and this may have accounted in some measure for his



"The Angling Rights to Five Beautiful Lakes"



inability to reduce the fortress, for it gave Frontenac ample opportunity to strengthen the none too impregnable defences.

Under the French régime Tadousac, the entrepôt for the fur trade of all Labrador and of a great section of the North, was an important place, and no vessel from or to Europe failed to make it a port of call, but with the advance of civilization and an extension of the fur trade to the Far Northwest, it has been relegated to the position of an inconsequential little hamlet, out of touch with the hum of industry of the outside world, and dependent for its existence on an inextensive agriculture and a summer colony.

There is excellent sea fishing at Tadousac, and in the mountain lakes, a few miles inland, speckled trout and the gamy landlocked salmon are abundant. For the hunter it is almost a virgin region.

The Hotel Tadousac, owned and operated by the Canada Steamship Lines, is magnificently situated at the junction of the two rivers. A comfortable, homelike establishment, with accommodations for three hundred guests, it has its own golf links and all the other requisites of the modern summer hostelry.

In connection with the hotel, too, is a well-appointed fishing camp, the Company controlling the angling rights to five beautiful lakes a few miles from the village. These lakes have been liberally stocked with trout and salmon, and provide excellent fishing. The camp and boats are free to guests, and guides are provided at a moderate fee.

We leave Tadousac for Chicoutimi shortly after dark and commence our journey up the Saguenay, in many respects the most wonderful of the world's rivers. Cut through the mountains by glacial action, this awesome river, its waters more than 700 feet in



"Cut Through the Mountains by Glacial Action"



"The Picturesque Village of Chicoutimi"

depth, has a solemn grandeur common to no other stream, its banks towering above the dark waters to a height of 1,600 feet, rugged and precipitous, and for the most part cliffs of solid granite.

In the waning light, this cañon through the hills seems to affect one ominously. It were as though a pall had fallen suddenly upon the landscape, enveloping it with a mantle of mourning. Nature's song seems to have been momentarily stayed; the last recollections of a glorious summer day effaced—over everything is the stillness of night, accentuating even the rhythmic cadence of our engines. The cliffs above loom out of the darkness like the walls of a dungeon from which there can be no escape, and over them dance the shadows of night, spirit wraiths in a supernatural kingdom. It is as if we were entering the winding labyrinth of some subterranean acropolis, the stream itself "the river of death."

But in a little while, when our eyes have become accustomed to the change, and the heavens are ablaze with a million lights, each seeming to convey a message of hope and assurance, the effect is changed, and where but a moment before we saw cliffs dark and



"The Cape and Town of Ste. Anne, on the Opposite Shore"



foreboding and waters dank like the River of Styx, we see now majestic palisades, gloriously transformed, and a stream of promise, pointing to some paradise beyond.

Then it is that we begin to appreciate the magnificence of the scene, and to drink deeply of its beauty, and as, from the saloon below, "music arises with its voluptuous swell," we forget for the nonce the cares of yesterday and the uncertainties of the to-morrow.

If the fortune of tide be with us, we arrive at the picturesque village of Chicoutimi in daylight, and are afforded an opportunity to take a stroll through this hospitable little French Canadian center, to inspect its \$250,000 twin-towered cathedral, its public buildings, pulp mills, and schools, admire the beautiful horses of the prosperous farmers from the fertile country beyond, and, from the crown of the hill on which the village is built, obtain a splendid panoramic view of the river, the cape and town of Ste. Anne, on the opposite shore, the distant Laurentians, and the fertile valley between.

Leaving Chicoutimi, we commence the voyage down the Saguenay, beyond all question the most wonderful daylight journey on earth.

On our left rise the steep escarpments of granite that run in regular formation from Cape Ste. Anne to Cape St. Francis. Brownd by the action of the elements, they have a ruggedness that accentuates their age. Clinging to their sides, wherever they have been able to obtain a foothold, grow stalwart saplings of silver birch; crowning their topmost heights, fitting diadems to these Laurentian monarchs, grow magnificent forests of spruce, while at their base lie countless rocks, with here and there a huge boulder rising up in the seeming channel of the river itself.



"A Ruggedness That Accentuates Their Age"



"Now We Seem To Be Sailing on Some Inland Sea"



"Like the Broken Foothills in the Southern Appalachian Range"



Rounding Cape St. Martin, and losing sight of Chicoutimi, we sail past the mouth of the River du Moulin, which appears infinitesimal, indeed, in comparison with the mighty cañon through which it flows.

Now we seem to be sailing on some inland sea, the hills coming down to the shores like the broken foothills of the Southern Appalachian range. Outlining the horizon, their peaks a misty blue, are the Laurentians, father of all the mountains; in the nearer distance, a verdant valley of exquisite charm in which we catch an occasional glimpse of the humble home of Jean Baptiste, while around us, peaceful and sparkling, flow the waters that all too soon are to be robbed of their silver, sparkling hue.

Then the cliffs begin to grow precipitous once more, and man's kingdom increasingly confined, only an intermittent homestead, like



"Man's Kingdom Increasingly Confined"

oases in the desert, marking the landscape, with now and then a church, its little cross outlined against the sky, typical reminder of the omnipresence of the Supreme. The wind sings through the cañon, self-created; the white caps dance wildly; the rocks hurl back a field of spray, and soon, having passed St. Fulgence and Point-au-Pain, named from its resemblance to a loaf of bread, we come into sight of Capes East and West, which, in reality three miles apart, seem at first sight to meet across the river like brothers clasp hands.

Rounding Cape West, which runs down into the water, a pronounced peninsula, the last of three similarly shaped ridges, we enter an arm of the river known as Ha Ha Bay, so named by some Spanish Basque sailors who, mistaking it for the main channel, became



"Making Us and Our Craft Seem Like Microbic Organisms in Some Spectral Picture"



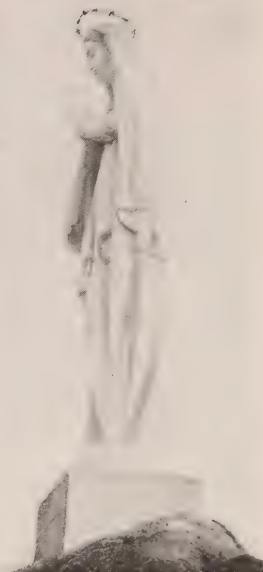
landlocked, and had a good laugh at their own expense.

Ha! Ha! Bay is a beautiful nine-mile stretch of water, with low lying banks and a fertile valley beyond, reminding us of the Valley of the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Three Rivers, and so strikingly in contrast to the Saguenay proper as to be to all intents and purposes a distinct stream.

We make a short stop at St. Alphonse at the extreme end of the bay, then retrace our course to the main river, sail past Cape East and the little lighthouse built on the rocks at its foot, and are soon hemmed in once more by the precipitous escarpments of this wonderful mountain gorge.

A few miles below we pass a promontory known as La Pointe de la Descente des Femmes, where, shortly after the establishment of the trading post at Tadousac, some Indian women reached the Saguenay in search of succor for their famine-stricken families. The little village of Des Femmes lies at the foot of the cape, and almost opposite, on the right, Maple Cove, where a lone habitant operates a little farm, defying, as it were, nature itself, strong in his inherent belief in the right of man to live.

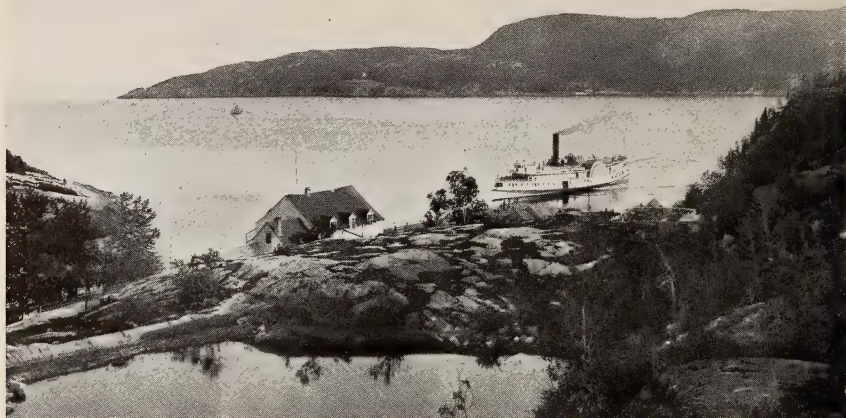
Cape Rouge is next passed, then LaTableau, whose beautifully pictured face bears mute but eloquent testimony to the awful power of the terrible cataclysm of rock and ice that changed the surface of the earth in the distant past, and soon we are sailing over the



"With Seeming Compassion"



"Cape Eternity in One Solid Mass, Cape Trinity in Three Distinct Elevations"



"We Are Once More at Tadousac"

waters of Trinity Bay—Trinity Bay, with its guardian, Cape Diamond, ever standing sentinel.

And then, with sudden sweep, those mightiest of all the titan promontories that tower above the dark waters of this majestic stream, Capes Trinity and Eternity, come into view, rising like giant obelisks to a height of nearly two thousand feet, Cape Eternity in one solid mass, Cape Trinity in three distinct elevations, the lowest graced by a huge statue to the Virgin, which for nearly thirty years has looked down with seeming compassion on the waters below, impervious to the elements—a thank-offering from a devout Catholic who attributed his return to health an answer to his supplications to the Virgin.

From Cape East to Cape Trinity our boat travels between cliffs that tower above us to an average height of more than a thousand feet, making us and our craft seem like microbic organisms in some spectral picture.

How sublime, indeed, is the scene, how magnificent in contrast to man and his works. If our first impression of this mysterious river was inspiring, our present, now that the morning sun has risen up all powerful over the kingdom of the night, is infinitely more so. The towering cliffs cast their shadows over the waters, which flow beneath us black as the ebony of some tropic land. Glancing on the cliffs themselves, we seem to make out weird figures, like the stalagmites and stalactites of some fantastic cavern such as a Jules Verne might conjure to our mind. From the highest crags the eagle floats majestically aloft, while among the lower rocks chatter a thousand ravens, flitting hither and thither to no apparent purpose. Above us, in a deep blue sky, the summer sun reflects his rays in a glorious iridescence, tinting the landscape with a varicolored mantle of light and giving even the rocks of granite an appearance less austere.

After passing Capes Trinity and Eternity, we sail across the Bay of St. John, leave the Island of St. John to our left, pass the Little



Saguenay, and then catch a glimpse of the Ste. Marguerite, famous the world over as the salmon stream of the most exclusive angling club on the continent.

Proceeding downward we pass, in succession, Pointe Crepe, St. Etienne Bay, Grosse-Roche, Anse-a-Jack, the Passe Piere Islands, and the Boule Rock, a cape of solid granite 600 feet in height, Anse-la-Barque, where the cliffs begin to lose their great height, and before long we are once more at Tadousac.

We spend another delightful hour in this historic village, making a casual inspection of the Government hatchery, and then, on our way back to the dock, stop for a moment to admire the magnificent silver beauties—those kings of the fish family, the salmon—as they disport themselves in the peaceful waters of the “pool” with an abandon that suggests entire obliviousness to their state of temporary internment as the prisoners of man.

Soon we are under way once more, skirting again the rugged shores of Canada’s “Father of Waters,” and have left behind us the dark, deep, mysterious river that although it did not fulfill the wild dreams of the early pioneers as the short road to the mythical Kingdom of Cathay, to us, at least, will constitute a beautiful highway to the Kingdom of Yesterday, that we will frequently retrace with pleasant memory and no weariness of footstep, and by nightfall we come again within sight of the towering ramparts of Quebec, completely refreshed, and ready for the final stage of this wonderful voyage from the heart of the continent to the sea, that by the magnificently rugged South Shore to Pictou, Nova Scotia, where rail connection can be made with Halifax and the South.



“We Come Again Within Sight of the Towering Ramparts of Quebec”

FOR THE journey down the South Shore we board the steamship "Cascapedia," of the Quebec Steamship Company, and leaving Quebec behind us, we once again proceed down the St. Lawrence, our course for the first few hours being over familiar ground, although we keep farther from shore and are afforded a better view of the majesty of the rugged Laurentians. The myriad capes that stand sentinel in bold magnificence at intermittent points also appear to better advantage, standing out like islands in some enchanted lake, as though cast sponge-like on the waters by a fairy hand.

After passing the Islands of Brandy Pot, Hare and White, with the White Lightship always on guard, we come once more into sight of the Saguenay. It is a beautiful scene that greets us. There is



"We Board the Steamer Cascapedia"

hardly a cloud in the sky, scarcely a ripple disturbs the calm of the waters. The rays of the dying sun are reflected on the village of Tadousac, and seem to paint the distant hills.

And then we turn southward, passing between Red and Green Islands. This is one of the most delightful portions of our voyage. To our left, ten miles away, are the Saguenay and Tadousac, to our right, twelve miles distant, the less precipitous southern shore, away ahead the Bic Hills of the mainland, jutting out into the river like an index finger pointing the road to distant Ungava.

Now we have caught up with a stalwart little tug and her tow; we travel with them for a moment, exchange a wave of hat or handkerchief, then, our vessel's greater speed asserting itself, leave them far to the stern. A few minutes later some great transatlantic



liner passes on our port bow, her forecastle decks lined with immigrants seeking a new hope in a new land. Ahead of us, supremely content, play a school of porpoise; at our stern fly a myriad seagulls, those messengers of hope to mariners in despair. Presently a seal rises to the surface, as though inquisitive as to our identity, and if we be fortunate we catch sight of a giant whale that has strayed far from the beaten track.

As we watch, the sun sinks beneath the distant Laurentians, a veritable ball of fire, giving promise of another glorious day on the morrow, and the period of twilight is upon us, then this, too, wanes, and darkness descends on everything, the only visible objects the stars above and the lights that guide us on our way.



"Its Little Lighthouse Standing Out in Bold Relief"

Before midnight we pass Apple, Basque, and Bicquette Islands, but do not recognize them as such, for even on a clear moonlight night they lose their identity in the general lines of the coast.

Rimouski, a populous French Canadian municipality, with an exceptionally fine cathedral, is passed in the early hours of the morning, also Father Point, where the ocean liners take on and discharge their pilots, and by the time we are breakfasting, the lofty mountains of Ste. Anne, rising to an extreme height of 3,000 feet, come into view, intensifying the suggestion of limitless omnipotence that is the distinctive characteristic of this lovely landscape.

An hour or so later we are abreast of a wild promontory known as Cape Chatte, its little lighthouse standing out in bold relief, and shortly afterward sail past Ste. Anne, a beautiful little village on the

Bay of Ste. Anne, nestling at the foot of the hills as though clinging to them for support. Ste. Anne's chief industries are lumbering and fishing, although there is a limited agriculture in the immediate neighborhood. It has a fine sandy beach, and its sheltered bay is a favored rendezvous for the little trading schooners that ply along the south shore of the St. Lawrence in great number.

Sailing onward and onward, our boat hugging the shores to give us an opportunity to appreciate the magnificence of the scenery of this immortal river, with its precipitous escarpments, its forests of spruce, pine and birch, its towering mountains, and its numberless villages, each at the mouth of some little stream whose valley spells the right of existence in an otherwise barren land, we pass the little



"Mending His Nets on the Sunny Porch of His Humble Home"

lumbering stations of Martin River and Mte. Louise, glide by lofty Cape Magdalen, and pass in rapid succession Salmon River and High Table Hill, seeing naught of civilization but an occasional lumberjack, or, perhaps, a Breton fisherman, mending his nets on the sunny porch of his humble home.

A little later we pass Fame Point, the chief wireless station on the St. Lawrence, where all ocean vessels of whatever destination are required to report, and reach Fox River.

Enchanting as is the scene at Fox River, we do not stop here, but continue eastward, proceeding in the direction of Anse Louise, which is reached at about sundown, just after we have passed the big lighthouse on Cape Rosier, erected by the British Government many years ago.



Our next point of interest is Cape Gaspé, better known, perhaps, as Shiphead, an appellation bestowed upon it, it is believed, because incoming vessels were accustomed to head for it when making for the Bay of Gaspé.

Cape Gaspé has towering limestone cliffs, and on its extreme point can be made out, in well-defined lines, a curious formation that resembles an old woman in her nightcap. The "Old Man," who also used to adorn this cape, has long since disappeared, giving strength to the assertion that "the female of the species is hardier than the male."

From our position in the Gulf, we obtain a splendid view of the magnificent bay, which twenty miles long and five miles wide, protected from the storms without by extended peninsulas, precipitous shores, and the rugged mountains in the background, is beyond question one of the finest landlocked harbors on earth. As far as is known, the Bay of Gaspé was first navigated by Velasco in 1506. Twenty-eight years later Jacques Cartier entered its inviting portals, and, landing on its shores, planted a thirty-foot cross, embellished with the Fleur-de-Lys and suitably inscribed, claiming the country for France and King. It was in this magnificent bay, too, that the mighty fleet of transports that carried the first Canadian contingent, over thirty thousand strong, to England, and their convoying warships, assembled preparatory to making their momentous voyage across the Atlantic.

Skirting a series of bold headlands of unusual beauty, we sail past Point St. Peter into Mal Bay, from where we are afforded our first view of Percé Rock, one of the strangest of the many natural phenomena of this wonderful voyage, which in the distance presents an appearance of lonesome isolation, as though for some unspeakable crime it had been exiled from its brothers on the mainland.

It is, indeed, a magnificent panorama that greets us at this point in our voyage, the rock, the red palisades, and the more distant Mount of St. Anne being visible all of the way, not one of the St. Anne Range we saw on the yesterday, but yet another Laurentian monarch named for the Breton sailors' patron saint, who can be seen looking down upon us even now, a strange and commanding figure in the lonesomeness of the hills.

Our approach to the rock will send thousands of birds chattering aloft, for this is the home of the seagull and cormorant, who nest here in such numbers that in the distance



"Cape Gaspé, Better Known as 'Shiphead'"

they seem to enshroud the rock, much as the cloud that encircles the mountains of a tropic land, or the mist that is raised by Niagara. Millions of fossil shells lie embedded in the perpendicular strata, showing that the rock at one time rested on its side and was thrown over by volcanic or glacial action. A strange feature about the rock is the arch that has been worn through it by wave action. In fact there are two arches in the rock, one sufficiently large to pass a small boat at high water. These arches are mute evidence as to how the single pillar of the rock that stands apart on the water side came into being.

Those of a highly imaginative turn of mind, too, will experience little difficulty in making out, to their own satisfaction at least, the somewhat time-obscured outlines of the pirate ship, that, says tradition,



**"As Though Divorced from its Brothers on the Main Land"**

impelled on the rock in a state of almost total petrification, became part of it, maintaining its identity, however, for nearly two centuries, an ominous warning to the evilly disposed.

This is the tradition:

Shortly after Champlain's successful attempt to found a colony in the New World, a young French girl crossed the Atlantic to join her sweetheart in Quebec, there to marry him, and, in common with those other brave women who for France and Church braved the dangers and discomforts of a new land, become one of its real pioneers, content to labor in silence and patiently await the day of better things. But her ambition was not to be realized. Just as the boat was entering the Gulf of St. Lawrence, she was captured by a privateer,



and the girl herself taken aboard the pirate ship. There her great beauty so attracted the pirate captain that he swore to kill her unless she consented to marry him. By this time the privateer had proceeded well up the Gulf, and was passing Percé Rock, and the girl, fearing the worst, jumped overboard and was drowned. All efforts to save her were unavailing, and the ship proceeded on her way. But suddenly the wheelsman discovered that she was refusing to answer her helm, and at the same time the lookout

reported a woman rising from the waters ahead. The apparition, who bore a striking resemblance to the girl who had been lost, rested on the waves for a moment, then commenced to move in the direction of the rock, beckoning the ship to follow her. The crew made frantic efforts to overcome the invisible power that was drawing them onward to their doom, but to no purpose. Suddenly they discovered that the masts of their vessel were being turned to iron and the sails to slate, the hull and themselves to stone, and just as the sun sank behind the distant hills, the ship ran up on and became an integral part of the rock. It was a part of the tradition, also, that the ghost of the unfortunate maiden would haunt the vicinity of the rock during the hour of evening twilight until the waves had effaced every trace of the privateer, and it is said that even now no native fisherman will challenge fate by casting line at this hour of the day.

Passing Percé, we sail as closely as possible to the rock, our siren giving vent to a shrill blast, which makes a million birds take wing, and soon we are skirting the rockbound coast of Bonaventure Island.

As Percé Rock is the home of the seagull and cormorant, so Bonaventure Island is the home of the gannet, and as we approach, these feathered denizens of the northern seas rise in veritable clouds above us, encompassing us round about, as though a blizzard of snow had taken us unawares.



"No Fishing Boat Weighs Anchor at the Hour of Sunset"



"We Approach Summerside"

Before very long Bonaventure Island also has been left behind, and we are out in the boundless deep.

Sailing steadily onward for three hours, the coast a mere fringe on the horizon, we came into sight, just about the time the sun is tinting the western sky, of Birch Point Lighthouse, which sends forth its first flash, as though it had awaited our coming to commence its long night vigil.

About midnight, should we be on deck, we may catch a glimpse of the fixed white light of Point Escuminac, on the New Brunswick coast, and then all will be dark again until, the following morning, entering the Straits of Northumberland, we approach Summerside, Prince Edward Island, which we reach at five o'clock.

Prince Edward Island, Canada's smallest but most fertile province, was called by the Indians, "Abegweit," which meant, "Cradled on the Waves," and would seem, like most Indian terms, to be a peculiarly apt definition, for this pastoral isle lies on the waters, peaceful, quiescent, its green shores almost losing themselves in the sea, in strange contrast to the rugged, precipitous coasts of Quebec and Nova Scotia.

Named by Champlain L'Ile St. Jean, it retained that name, or its English derivative, until 1800, when it was renamed Prince Edward, in honor of the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria. Originally a French colony, it was ceded to the English in 1764. It was colonized from England under the old land grant system, thus most of its present inhabitants are of English origin. Agriculture is its most important



activity, although lumbering, fishing and fur raising have a certain status in its industrial life.

Summerside is beautifully situated on Bedeque Bay, Prince Edward Island, at this point a little more than two miles wide. Slightly to the north is Richmond Bay, famed as the home of the Malpeque, one of the most delectable oysters in the world. The town has a number of industrial establishments, and claims the largest departmental store in the Maritime Provinces.

Leaving Summerside, we sail out of Bedeque Bay, round Sea Cow Head, and commence the journey down the Northumberland Straits to Charlottetown, the landscape an ever-moving panorama of agricultural activity, which proves peculiarly delightful after our very different voyage through the no man's land of yesterday.

Twelve miles down the straits we pass between Capes Tormentine and Traverse, the narrowest part of this beautiful natural channel, and where are being constructed the great government docks for the new railway ferry between Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick.

Passing the capes, we emerge into the very middle of the straits, at places thirty miles wide, and we do not turn shoreward until our navigator has picked up his range, which is determined by the equilateral distance between the lighthouse on Cape Tormentine and the Charlottetown Blockhouse; then, passing between the islands of St. Paul and St. Peter, we negotiate the narrow entrance to the harbor and proceed to our dock, being afforded en route a splendid view of Battery Park, Government House, and the Legislative Buildings.



"Its Delightful Old Courthouse"

Although a city of only 12,000 inhabitants, Charlottetown, as the legislative capital of the Province, is a very substantial center, reminding one of an important English county seat. Its public buildings, models of classic architecture, are brown sandstone structures of permanent character. Its residences, too, largely of the Colonial type, and standing in their own gardens hemmed in by luxuriously verdant hedgerows, are of a pleasing kind, suggesting the innate hospitality of their owners.

Charlottetown has many attractions for the summer visitor, the harbor, with its numerous arms, and beautiful Hillsborough Bay providing boating, yachting and bathing, and numerous resorts, easily reached, affording ample opportunity for angling and the other recognized diversions of the great outdoors.



"The Chief Rendezvous of the British Fleet in North Atlantic Waters"

After spending a few hours at this delightful old town, the sturdy "Cascapedia" turns her prow once more toward the Straits, giving us, on our way out, a fine view of the Government bridge across the Hillsborough River and of the bay beyond.

Passing Point Prim, we lay a southeast course to Pictou, which place we reach after a delightful five-hour sail with land always in view, first passing Pictou Island and Caribou Point Light.

Pictou Harbor, one of the most magnificent in the country, is formed by the confluence of three rivers and an arm of the sea.

With a splendid situation, a riot of scenery, and a delightful summer climate, Pictou has a large colony of outsiders during the warmer months. The late Lord Strathcona, Canada's great



imperialist, had his summer residence here, and it is said to be still maintained by the family.

At Pictou rail connection is made with Halifax, the capital and metropolis of Nova Scotia, and Canada's most important military entrepot. Halifax has a commanding situation and a fine harbor, and as the chief rendezvous of the British fleet in North Atlantic waters has a peculiar attraction to the visitor. Its park system, by the way, is one of the finest in America, its botanical gardens being particularly interesting and extensive. There is no city just like Halifax.

Thus we complete this remarkable journey from the heart of the continent to the sea. All of us may not have made it in its entirety, but our cup of enjoyment will have been filled nevertheless. For the



"There Is No City Just Like Halifax"

beauty of this voyage lies in the fact that it can be undertaken in part or in whole, according to the wish, and each part will be complete unto itself. Then, too, its appeal is universal, providing those who seek the social whirl with the big city, fashionable hotel, and gay resort, and those who love the great outdoors, a magnificent kingdom, hardly explored, of mountain, lake, and stream.

For with all he has accomplished, man has but conquered the outer fringe of this great empire. Beyond the frontier Nature still reigns supreme. There the trapper still plies his calling undisturbed. There the monarch moose still flaunts his challenge on the air, the deer and the caribou still roam unmolested. There the beaver still builds his house, the salmon, the trout, and the maskilonge still break the peaceful calm of the waters.



Courtesy Canadian Government Railways

Photo, Copyright, Notman, Montreal

**"There the Monarch Moose Still Flaunts His Challenge on the Air"**



LAKE SUPERIOR  
TO  
LAKE ONTARIO

Northern Navigation Company  
Limited



"A Magnificent Kingdom, Hardly Explored"



THE FOLLOWING, dealing with the Upper Lakes link in this wonderful fresh-water voyage from the heart of the continent to the sea, is appended in the belief that there will be many who will prefer to make the journey in its entirety.



"We Leave Duluth on the 'Noronic'"

WE START our journey from the heart of the continent to the sea at Duluth, the most westerly terminal of the American Great Lakes and the gateway to the Great Northwest.

Few cities in the United States are more charmingly situated than this progressive Minnesota metropolis, and certainly no city can claim to have more religiously conserved the natural beauties with which she has been endowed.

Built on a heavily wooded promontory—stately, commanding—seeming to bespeak the growth of that great country to which it is itself the portals, Duluth rises out of the blue waters of Lake Superior like a jewel from its setting, a splendid inspiration to the creative genius of man.

Commercial it is, of course; industries it has of necessity; elevators, skyscrapers, churches, and residences without number, but so well have the natural beauties been conserved, the inherent advantages utilized, that these expressions of the mundane seem but to accentuate the esthetic, standing out as though they had been placed there by way of contrast rather than as elemental parts of the composite picture.

Even its parks are different. With no suggestion of artificiality marring their beauty, they are bequests to posterity from the past, strongly reminiscent of the natural grandeur of the landscape in pristine days.

Then there is the famous boulevard, one of the finest in existence, which skirts the entire lake front from end to end of the city—and beyond it.

There are few panoramas in North America so inspiring as that to be gained from Duluth's famous boulevard. Immediately beneath us lies the city, with its gigantic office buildings and its throbbing industrial life, its harbor alive with activity; just beyond, the sheltered bay with its myriad pleasure craft cutting the waters; to the southeast, the sister harbor of Superior and the distant Wisconsin hills; in the nearer distance, the picturesque St. Louis River, completing its sinuous journey from Fond du Lac, and stretching to the horizon, limitless, all embracing the frame in the finished picture, the blue waters of the earth's greatest inland sea.

But it is not alone for her scenic advantages that Duluth has a right to a recognized position among world cities. As a port of trade



"Seeming to Bespeak the Growth of the Great West"

and commerce, owing to an extension of the American wheat belt and a sustained development of the steel and iron industries, she is becoming annually more important. In 1913 the Duluth-Superior harbors had a total commerce of nearly 50,000,000 tons, with an approximate aggregate value of \$350,000,000. To handle this large traffic some 11,000 vessels, with a capacity of from 3,000 to 10,000 tons each, were required. Iron ore, of which there were shipments of 27,000,000 tons, was the chief item of export, while coal, with an aggregate tonnage of 11,000,000, was the chief incoming commodity.

Duluth is the third primary grain market in the United States, more than a million bushels a day being handled on the floor of the local board of trade in the three months of active trading. A great



export business, annually increasing, has been developed, and to provide for its adequate handling, modern fireproof elevators, with a total capacity of 32,500,000 bushels, have been constructed. Wheat exports in 1912 amounted to 116,000,000 bushels.

We leave Duluth in mid-afternoon on the steamships "Noronic," "Hamonic," or "Huron," the three fine vessels in the Duluth-Sarnia service of the Northern Navigation Company.

The "Noronic," queen of the fleet, the finest and largest passenger ship in Canadian inland waters, modern in every detail, is equipped with every known device for the convenience and safety of the passengers. She has 279 cabins, and is beautifully furnished throughout, being to all intents and purposes a palatial



"Passing Under the Aerial Bridge"

floating hotel. The vibration of her engines, which are astern, is almost imperceptible, so imperceptible, indeed, that if it were not for the moving panorama that is obtained from the glass-enclosed saloon one could not realize that the vessel was in motion.

Passing out of the harbor, we are afforded a splendid view of the great terminal facilities of this growing port. The ore docks especially attract us, and remind us that the iron ore deposits of this region are the greatest in the world, the Mesabe range alone having produced to date over 400,000,000 tons, and having in sight at least a billion and a half tons more.

From the harbor we proceed to the bay by way of the Government canal, passing under the famous aerial bridge, the only structure of its character on the continent.

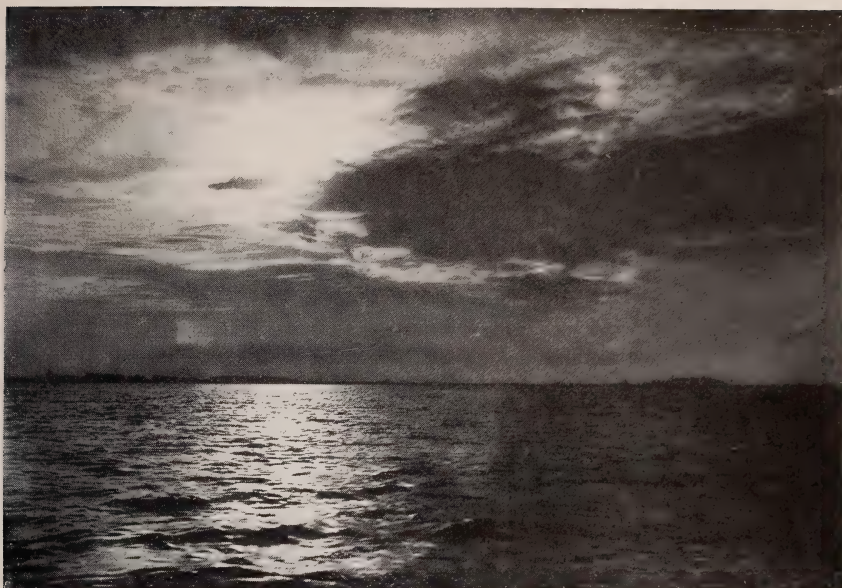


"The Twin Cities of Fort William and Port Arthur Come Into View"



"Their Mighty Wheat Elevators Lining the Sky"





"The Coast Line Is a Mere Fringe on the Horizon"

Skirting the shore at first, the course of our steamer is gradually diverted toward the open lake, and before long the coast line is a mere fringe on the horizon—a sort of mirage, such as that which inspires the desert-lost traveler with a new, but a false hope.

By this time the first bugle for dinner has been sounded, and, our lungs cleared of the miasma of the city, we are well prepared to do hearty justice to the repast provided. Here the unwritten law of the sea permits us to make some congenial acquaintances, who introduce us to yet others, until before long we feel we know almost everyone on board. Then a dance or a concert is in order, after which we retire to our stateroom, and to a sleep such as we have not known for many days.

When we appear on deck in the morning, providing we are not one of those willing to let Morpheus rob us of too many of the pleasures of our voyage, we see land on either side of us: to our right, Isle Royal, a popular fishing and camping resort, to our left, the towering crags of Kitchi-gama, the guardian of Thunder Bay, and, away beyond, Mount McKay, a titan figure in the light of the early morning sun.

Before long the twin cities of Fort William and Port Arthur come into view, their mighty wheat elevators lining the horizon in seemingly never-ending procession, an eloquent tribute to the wealth of the golden prairies of the Canadian West.

And seeing them, we are prone to apostrophize on the remarkable development of the Western Provinces of Canada and the growth of their most important industry.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way," was never more concretely demonstrated than in the case of Western Canada, which,



"The W. Grant Morden, of the Canada Steamship Lines Fleet, by the way, Is the Largest Freight Carrier on the Great Lakes, Having a Capacity of 470,000 Bushels of Wheat or 15,000 Tons of Iron Ore"



only a comparatively few years ago, a vast, unsurveyed region of little immediate promise, has been divided into provinces, interlinked by railroads, peopled, and developed. As late as 1900, even, Alberta and Saskatchewan, then forming a part of the almost unexplored Northwest Territory, produced only 4,000,000 of the 17,000,000 bushels of Canadian wheat garnered west of the Great Lakes, while in 1913 they produced over 112,000,000 bushels, a yield almost twice as large as that of Manitoba, until very recent years held to be the extreme western limit of the Canadian wheat belt.

The growth of Canada's wheat industry in the last thirty years belongs really to the category of the marvelous. When the Canadian Pacific Railway reached the head of the Great Lakes from the prairies of Manitoba in 1883 the total wheat exports to all countries amounted to only a little more than 5,500,000 bushels, while in 1914 they had reached the handsome total of 120,000,000, valued at more than a \$100,000,000.

It is just three short decades since the steamship "Erin," typical Great Lakes merchantman of her day, sailed from Fort William with the first wheat ever shipped from the Canadian West by the water route; on the day navigation was declared open in the season of 1912 no less than 69 great freighters left the docks of Fort William and Port Arthur with an aggregate cargo of 12,000,000 bushels, steamed out in almost endless procession, the greatest fleet, perhaps, that ever weighed anchor at any port on the Great Lakes.

Many, indeed, are the changes that have taken place since the "Erin" made her historic voyage. The "Erin's" cargo, for instance, was loaded with wheelbarrow and shovel; to-day cargoes are loaded



"Sailed Out in Almost Endless Procession"



**"To-day the Grain Is Loaded into a Vessel's Hold at the Rate of 50,000 Bushels an Hour"**



**"Especially Designed Freighters, Able to Carry from 75,000 to 450,000 Bushels Each"**



at the rate of fifty thousand bushels an hour, and from elevators that have a storage capacity of from one to nine million bushels. The ships also are very different from those of the "Erin's" day, different in construction and of infinitely larger capacity. Instead of ordinary-type boats of from 10,000 to 20,000 bushels' capacity, especially designed freighters, able to carry from 75,000 to 350,000 bushels each, are in commission, the "W. Grant Morden," of the Canada Steamship Lines' great fleet, for instance, the largest freighter on the Great Lakes, having a capacity of 485,000 bushels. This leviathan of the inland seas, the largest bulk freighter on earth, by the way, can carry 15,000 tons of iron ore on one voyage.



"We Are Moored at One of Fort William's Magnificent New Docks"

Then, too, elevators have been constructed at strategical points at the eastern ends of the Great Lakes, which, in conjunction with some 3,000 interior elevators distributed throughout the wheat belt and the great ocean elevators and warehouses at Montreal, Quebec, St. John, Halifax, and Portland, afford ample facilities for the expeditious and economical handling of the crop.

The prow of our steamer is now turned into the Kaministiquia River and almost before we realize it we are moored at one of Fort William's magnificent new docks.

Fort William, as a white settlement, is almost as old as Quebec, having been founded as a trading port in 1669 by D. G. duLhut. In 1717 the French constructed quite an imposing fort here, naming it Fort Kaministiquia. This fort was used as the base of a number of punitive expeditions against the Indians, but never loomed very largely in New World history. It was visited by Verandrye and his



"Port Arthur and Fort William Are Twin Cities

sons on their way to the Rainy River country and the Great Northwest in 1749, but did not become important commercially until after Canada had been surrendered to the British, when it was chosen as the headquarters of the Northwest Fur Company, the single rival of the famous Hudson's Bay corporation. In 1805 its name was changed to Fort William, after the given name of one of the directors of the Northwest Company, and when, in 1821, an amalgamation between the latter company and the Hudson's Bay corporation was effected, it was made the chief entrepot of what has since become the greatest fur-trading organization of all time. This honor it retained until very recent years, when an extension of the industry north and west compelled a transfer of the chief post to a point nearer the scene of operations. During its regime as the metropolis of the Canadian fur trade, Fort William displayed remarkable activity, it being recorded that in season as many as three thousand trappers and their families were wont to camp in its environs.

Although the first steam-propelled vessel to the Lower Lakes left Fort William in 1870, it was not until, with the coming of the Canadian Pacific, three years later, that the town began to attain a real importance as the commercial head of the Canadian Great Lakes.

Since that time, however, it has enjoyed a steady and a sustained growth, and, with its sister city, Port Arthur, promises to be one of the chief commercial cities of the Dominion, for besides its immense shipping interests it has many large industrial plants, huge flour mills and many important wholesale establishments.



After breakfasting, most of the passengers go ashore at Fort William, spend a few hours sight-seeing, and then take conveyance or street car to Port Arthur.

Port Arthur was named after Prince Arthur, now Duke of Connaught, Governor General of Canada, by General Wolseley, who, for strategical reasons landed his punitive expedition against Riel, on the shores of what is now Port Arthur, instead of Fort William. It has had a remarkable growth since then, much accentuated by the entrance to its gates of the Canadian Northern, Canada's third great transcontinental system, the rapidity of that growth being eloquently demonstrated by the census figures, which showed a gain from 2,500, in 1900, to 17,000 in 1910. Its present population is estimated at about 25,000.

Boasting the largest consolidated grain elevator in the world, that of the Canadian Northern System, with a capacity of 9,500,000 bushels, Port Arthur has also the most modern ore and coal dock on the Canadian Great Lakes. This dock can discharge at the rate of a thousand tons an hour and load considerably faster. At Port Arthur also is located the great plant of the Western Drydock & Shipbuilding Company, the Canadian subsidiary of the American Shipbuilding Company, of Cleveland. It was at this plant that both the "Noronic" and the "W. Grant Morden" were constructed. In connection with the shipyard is a seven-hundred-foot drydock, capable of accommodating the largest ship on the Great Lakes.

Both Port Arthur and Fort William are becoming annually more important as commercial centers, and the time would not seem to be far distant when, together, these cities will form one of the largest centers on the continent. Their strategical position in relation to Canadian trade routes, and their contiguity to the great Superior ore beds, alone guarantees them a tremendous industrial future, and when to these advantages are added cheap fuel and an almost inexhaustible supply of hydro-electric energy, that future would seem to be doubly assured.

Within fifty miles of Fort William and Port Arthur there is said to be an approximate potential energy of at least a million horse-power, all but fifty thousand of which is now going to waste, while Ohio coal can be laid down for a water freight charge of 30 cents a ton, as compared with 65 cents a ton at Toronto, for instance. Add to these, cheap water transportation and a



in Progressiveness "



"Boasting the Largest Consolidated Grain Elevator in the World"



"All but 50,000 of Which Is Now Going to Waste"



short rail haul to the West, and one will have some idea of the industrial promise of these favorably located cities.

We leave Port Arthur at about the same time we left Duluth, on the day before, our numbers augmented by travelers and tourists from western Canadian points, with no small number from the American Western States, who have come by the Canadian trans-continental route.

On our way from the harbor to Thunder Bay we are afforded a splendid panoramic view of the modern terminal facilities of the twin cities, and we have little difficulty in appreciating the fact that the Dominion Government has expended over \$50,000,000 in making the Canadian head of the Great Lakes fully able to play its destined part in the upbuilding of the country.



"How Small, Indeed, Man and His Works"

Our course now lies through the narrow channel that gives access to the lake beyond, and before very long, the last vestige of civilization left behind, we find ourselves hemmed in by the mammoth basaltic rocks of Thunder Bay. To our left lies Thunder Cape, with its prostrate image of Hiawatha; to our right, the rugged shores of Pie Island and Isle Royal, behind us the no less rugged shores of the mainland, with Mount McKay in striking silhouette.

A feeling of awe creeps over us as we look upon these mighty monuments to the handiwork of Nature, making us feel how small, indeed, are man and his works in contradistinction. For how many untold centuries, we ask ourselves intuitively, have these towering crags withstood the ravages of time? How many other civilizations



"We Are in the Famous Sault Ste. Marie Canal"

may they not have outlived? How many more eras may come and go before they themselves have crumbled away?

Another evening of entertainment, another refreshing sleep, and next morning, having passed through Whitefish Bay, we are sailing down the beautiful St. Mary's River, and soon afterward are in the famous Sault Ste. Marie Canal.

Nine hundred feet in length, the longest single lock canal in the world, the Sault Ste. Marie Canal will accommodate ships drawing eighteen feet of water, which is the present limit of Great Lakes carriers. It is understood, however, that this depth is to be increased to twenty-five feet, in time for the opening of the new Welland Ship Canal between Lakes Erie and Ontario, which is being built to accommodate vessels of that draft, the Welland Ship Canal, by the way, being one of the greatest engineering feats of the day, the lift of the locks being greater than those of Panama.

The Sault Ste. Marie Canal, which was opened to navigation in 1897 at a cost of \$5,000,000, is the first of a comprehensive chain of canals that link the Canadian West to tidewater, via the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence. Lake Superior is 553 feet above sea level, and to overcome this, seventy-five miles of canals have been constructed, and a great deal of straightening and dredging undertaken. Altogether a hundred million dollars have been expended on the work, and before present contemplated improvements have been consummated, at least twice that sum will have been laid out. The work represents more than a century of effort, but to-day a freighter can travel from Fort William or Port Arthur to the sea



in less than a week, and all the way in Canadian waters, whereas, had these canals not been built, the many portages would have made the journey a trip of at least a month.

This wonderful water highway, free to all, provides a twenty-one-foot channel from the head of the Lakes to Port Colborne, the Erie entrance to the Welland Canal, and a fourteen-foot channel the balance of the way, affording water transportation for 3,000-ton vessels from the Upper Lakes to Montreal, and for 12,000-ton vessels as far east as Port Colborne, meaning a water route for freight from the western end of Lake Superior to Europe, with but a single transfer.

Passing out of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, which, in the season of 1912-13, locked 3,279 vessels and carried an aggregate freight of approximately forty-two million tons, or a figure larger than that of the famous Suez waterway, we dock at Sault Ste. Marie, one of the oldest settlements in the Dominion, and rapidly becoming an important industrial center. Here are located the great works of the Superior Corporation, and across the river, on the American side, the huge plant of the Union Carbide Company, where is manufactured calcium carbide, the basic source of acetylene, now used so extensively for lighting and other purposes, both of these plants having been made possible by the great hydro-electric power development of the St. Mary's River.

Sault Ste. Marie is one of the most historic towns in Canada. Here, in 1668, Pere Marquette established the first Jesuit mission in the New World, and here, one year later, arrived Fathers de Casson and de Galinee, priests of the Sulpician Seminary of Montreal, the



"The First of a Comprehensive Chain that Links the Canadian West to Tidewater"

first white men to travel from Lower Canada to Lake Superior by way of the River St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. It was at Sault Ste. Marie, too, that, on June 26, 1671, Daumont de St. Sussen, Intendant Talon's plenipotentiary extraordinary, annexed to France, amid great pomp and ceremony, all that vast territory north of Mexico and west of the Alleghenies.

From Sault Ste. Marie we proceed to Sarnia on the same boat, or change to the "City of Midland" or "Germanic" for the Georgian Bay trip to Collingwood, our destination in each case being Toronto, from where we make the trip to Niagara Falls and continue our journey to the sea.

Leaving the Sault for Sarnia, we have a delightful sail down the St. Mary's River, which traverses a pastoral landscape of restful



"We Are Moored at Sarnia's Magnificent Modern Terminals"

charm, very different from that of the afternoon before. When night falls we are all well out on Lake Huron, and by sunrise next morning are nearing the St. Clair River, said to be, in point of the number of vessels utilizing it, the busiest waterway on earth. It is an inspiring sight that greets us as we approach the entrance to this peaceful little stream. On every side steam the mighty leviathans of commerce, harbingers of world peace, seeming to represent the concrete links in the chain that binds the United States and Canada in an inseparable bond of commercial intercourse, and one that promises to be more permanently welded as the years go by. Merchant ships instead of warships—is that not the real secret of our hundred years of peace?

Soon Lake Huron has been left behind, the river itself entered, and in a short time we are moored at Sarnia's magnificent modern terminals, our train for Toronto already under steam.



If we travel to Toronto by way of Collingwood, we follow the same course as to Sarnia until we reach Lake Huron, where we turn westward, skirting the upper Michigan peninsula to Mackinac Island, following in the wake, so to speak, of the first ship that sailed the Upper Lakes, the "Griffin," which, built by LaSalle, carried that great explorer, Hennepin, and Henri de Tonty to Green Bay, Wis., and consigned back to Montreal with a valuable cargo of furs was never heard from again, probably falling victim to Iroquois enmity or fur-trader avariciousness.

Mackinac, one of the most popular of northern resorts, is visited annually by many thousands of tourists, and has a large summer colony.



"The Forest-Clad Island of Michilimackinac"

Writing of this beautiful Nature spot, Mr. S. E. Dawson spoke as follows:

"In the very neck of the strait the forest-clad island of Michilimackinac seems to float on the water, rising toward the center in sweeping currents—the delightful resort of pleasure-seekers now, as in far-off times, it was the favorite abode of the great dancing spirits of Algonquin mythology. First among white men, Nicolet passed through this fair portal, going to he knew not what of mystery; looking for and expecting to find a pathway to the East. On his right was Point St. Ignace, soon to be sanctified by the presence of the saintly Marquette, and on his left was Mackinac Point, to be the scene in later years of Pontiac's perfidious massacre of a British garrison."

Our schedule permits us to spend an hour or two at Mackinac Island, or, if we wish, we can stop over until some later day, and

a few days at this popular resort, with its quaint curiosity shops, its famed Arch Rock, Lover's Leap, Cave in the Woods, Sugar Loaf, and Devil's Kitchen, could never be considered ill-spent.

We leave Mackinac at about eight-thirty in the evening and arrive at Gore Bay, Manitoulin Island, our first stop, early the following morning. Manitoulin, "the home of the good and the bad spirits," is the largest island in the world in fresh waters, having an area of over a million acres. It is as wild, almost, as when first discovered, abounding in fish and game, a veritable paradise for the sportsman.

Other island ports of call are Kagawong, Little Current, a favored fishing resort, Sheguiandah and Manitowaning, all picturesque little villages, with a wealth of scenery and splendid facilities for hunting and fishing.



"Its Famed Arch Rock"

Our last stop of the day is Killarney, named from its striking resemblance to the famous Killarney of the Irish lakes. Killarney is a favored rendezvous for the picknicker, its wild scenery and heavily wooded, rock-studded hills, giving it ideal advantages in this regard. It has its own Blarney Stone, which every visitor is supposed to kiss.

From Killarney our boat proceeds through the wonderful archipelago of the Georgian Bay, to the pretty little town of Collingwood, where have been constructed many Great Lakes merchantmen, arriving there at about nine o'clock in the morning. Here we take the train for Toronto.







## Bermuda— Land of Enchantment

BOSOMED on the waves of the Atlantic in the very path of the Gulf Stream, Bermuda, only two days' sail from New York, is the most readily accessible of all of the popular winter resorts. Its climate, too, is all that can be desired, a sustained atmosphere of perpetual spring, with none of the uncertainties that detract from other regions. It is indeed the resort par excellence. Here one can live outdoors every day, indulge his favorite pastime, and gain the state of invigoration that means so much to the year's work ahead of him.

And the advantage of Bermuda is that one is never out of touch with the world's activities. For Bermuda, although having in its hundred odd islets many enchanting and sequestered spots, is at the same time a very

lively colony, and the social activities of Hamilton are akin to those of Newport or Narragansett Pier. For the man who has to keep in touch with things at home there is the ever-ready cable to New York.

Bermuda has the facilities to accommodate every purse, its hotels and boarding houses running the gamut, say of Atlantic City.

The best way to reach these enchanted islands is by the SS "Bermudian," newest and fastest steamer in the service, and the only vessel to land passengers without transfer.

This fine ocean greyhound is operated by the Quebec Steamship Co., which also maintains a service to the West Indies and British Guiana; Furness Withy Co., Ltd., 32 Broadway, New York City, are its agents, and they will be pleased to furnish literature and information on request.



"The S.S. 'Bermudian'"

## CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES, LIMITED

9 and 11 Victoria Square, Montreal, Canada

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J. W. NORCROSS, <i>Vice-President and Managing Director</i>	Montreal
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H. F. GLASS, <i>Chief Accountant</i>	Montreal
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J. W. CANVIN, <i>General Agent, care of Quebec S. S. Co.</i>	32 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
HUGH D. PATERSON, <i>General Agent</i>	46 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada
J. V. FOY, <i>General Agent</i>	18 E. Swan Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
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PERCY GRANT, <i>District Passenger Agent</i>	Hamilton, Canada
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MANOIR RICHELIEU, Murray Bay, P. Q.	Chas. E. Phenix, <i>Manager</i>
TADOUSAC HOTEL, Tadousac, P. Q.	F. B. Bowen, <i>Manager</i>

## FREIGHT TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT

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## FLEET OF STEAMERS FOR TOURIST TRAFFIC

## NIAGARA—TORONTO DIVISION

"Cayuga"	"Chippewa"	"Corona"	"Chicora"
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## TORONTO—ROCHESTER—MONTREAL DIVISION

"Kingston"	"Toronto"	"Rapids Prince"	"Rapids Queen"
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## MONTREAL—QUEBEC DIVISION

"Montreal"	"Quebec"
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## SAGUENAY DIVISION

"Saguenay"	"St. Irene"	"Tadousac"
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## MONTREAL—PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND—NOVA SCOTIA DIVISION

"S. S. Cascadia"

## NEW YORK—BERMUDA—WEST INDIES DIVISION

"Bermudian"	"Guiana"	"Parima"	"Korona"
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SAILING SCHEDULE 1915

TORONTO-ROCHESTER-MONTREAL DIVISION

Sailing dates from Toronto and Montreal, during season, will be as follows, dates inclusive:  
 From June 5th to 19th, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.  
 From June 21st to July 3d, daily, except Sunday.  
 From July 4th to September 11th, daily.  
 From September 13th to September 18th on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.  
 See foot note (a) for change of time eastbound from Kingston and ports east, August 22d.

EASTBOUND		WESTBOUND	
<i>Read down</i>		<i>Read up</i>	
3.00 pm	Lv. .... Toronto .....	Ar. ....	7.00 am
9.45 pm	Ar. .... Charlotte .....	Lv. ....	11.00 pm
10.30 pm	Lv. .... Charlotte .....	Ar. ....	10.15 pm
5.15 am	Ar. .... Kingston .....	Lv. ....	5.00 pm
6.00 am	Lv. .... (a) Kingston .....	Ar. ....	4.30 pm
7.20 am	Lv. .... (a) Clayton .....	Lv. ....	2.55 pm
	(b) Thousand Island Park (b)		
8.00 am	Lv. .... (a) Alexandria Bay .....	Lv. ....	2.10 pm
9.20 am	Lv. .... (a) Brockville .....	Lv. ....	12.45 pm
10.15 am	Ar. .... (a) Prescott .....	Lv. ....	11.55 am
	(Eastbound passengers transfer at Prescott to rapids steamer, westbound from rapids to lake steamer).		
10.25 am	Lv. .... (a) Prescott .....	Ar. ....	8.00 am
1.15 pm	Lv. .... (a) Cornwall .....	Lv. ....	12.00 m't
6.30 pm	Ar. .... Montreal .....	Lv. ....	1.00 pm

(a) Effective August 22d, eastbound steamers leave Kingston and ports east thirty minutes earlier than above schedule. (b) Reached by local steamer from Clayton or Alexandria Bay.

MONTREAL-QUEBEC DIVISION

SEASON—MAY TO NOVEMBER

Sailing dates from Montreal and Quebec, during season, will be as follows, dates inclusive:  
 During May, daily, except Sunday.  
 From June 1st to September 25th, daily.  
 From September 27th to November 20th, daily, except Sunday.

EASTBOUND		WESTBOUND	
<i>Read down</i>		<i>Read up</i>	
7.00 pm	Lv. .... Montreal .....	Ar. ....	7.00 am
9.45 pm	Lv. .... Sorel .....	Lv. ....	2.30 am
1.00 am	Lv. .... Three Rivers .....	Lv. ....	11.30 pm
2.30 am	Lv. .... Batiscan .....	Lv. ....	9.45 pm
6.30 am	Ar. .... Quebec .....	Lv. ....	6.00 pm

Steamers from Montreal transfer passengers direct to Saguenay steamers at Quebec.

SAGUENAY DIVISION

SEASON—MAY TO NOVEMBER

Sailing dates from Quebec to the Saguenay, during season, will be as follows, dates inclusive:  
 From opening of navigation until June 12th, on Tuesdays and Saturdays.  
 From June 15th to July 3d, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays.  
 From July 6th to September 4th, daily, except Sunday.  
 From September 7th to 30th, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays.  
 From October 2d to November 16th, Tuesdays and Saturdays.

IMPORTANT NOTICE RE WEDNESDAY SAILINGS FROM QUEBEC

From July 7th to September 2d, see time table of steamer "Saguenay," which is the only steamer from Quebec, eastbound, on Wednesdays, and from Ha! Ha! Bay, westbound, on Thursdays.

No sailings from Chicoutimi on Thursdays, July 8th to September 2d.

EASTBOUND		WESTBOUND	
<i>Read down</i>		<i>Read up</i>	
8.00 am	Lv. .... Quebec .....	Ar. ....	6.00 am
11.30 am	Lv. .... (c) Baie St. Paul .....	Lv. ....	(e) 11.20 pm
12.15 pm	Lv. .... Eboulements .....	Lv. ....	(e) 10.30 pm
1.30 pm	On Wednesdays, eastbound, from Quebec, July 7th to September 1st. No call at Baie St. Paul, Eboulements, Cap a l'Aigle, L'Anse St. Jean and Chicoutimi.	Lv. .... St. Irene .....	On Thursdays, westbound, from Saguenay River, July 8th to September 2d. No call at Chicoutimi, L'Anse St. Jean, Cap a l'Aigle, Eboulements and Baie St. Paul.
1.50 pm	Ar. .... Murray Bay .....	Lv. ....	(e) 9.20 pm
2.30 pm	Lv. .... Murray Bay .....	Ar. ....	(c) 9.00 pm
2.50 pm	Lv. .... (d) Cap a l'Aigle .....	Lv. ....	7.00 pm
4.30 pm	Ar. .... St. Simeon .....	Ar. ....	(e) 4.45 pm
7.00 pm	Ar. .... Tadousac .....	Lv. ....	(e) 2.30 pm
	Lv. .... Tadousac .....	Ar. ....	
	Lv. .... L'Anse St. Jean .....	Ar. ....	
	Ar. .... Ha! Ha! Bay .....	Lv. ....	
	Ar. .... Chicoutimi .....	Lv. ....	

(c) Call at Baie St. Paul subject to conditions of weather and tide.

(d) Call at Cap a l'Aigle during daylight only from July 15th to September 30th.

(e) Until June 10th and after September 14th, steamers leave Tadousac and points west thereof two hours earlier than schedule on westbound trip.

River du Loup service: During July and August, Saguenay steamer will call at River du Loup on Saturdays, eastbound, and on Sundays, westbound.

SEMI-WEEKLY EXPRESS SERVICE STEAMER "SAGUENAY"

MONTREAL—MURRAY BAY—TADOUSAC—SAGUENAY

SAILING SCHEDULE, 1915, JULY 6th to SEPTEMBER 4th

Steamer will also leave Montreal on Wednesday, June 30th, and Saturday, July 3d.

EASTBOUND		WESTBOUND	
<i>Read down</i>		<i>Read up</i>	
Tuesday	Fr. day	Mon. and Fri.	
7.15 pm	7.15 pm	9.00 am	
Wednesday	Saturday	Sun. and Thur.	
8.00 am	6.30 am	9.00 pm	
12.30 pm	11.00 am	3.30 pm	
1.00 pm	11.30 am	3.00 pm	
2.30 pm	1.00 pm	2.45 pm	
3.45 pm			
6.00 pm	5.00 pm	11.00 am	
6.30 pm	6.30 pm	10.45 am	
11.30 pm	11.30 pm	7.00 am	
		Sun. and Thurs.	
Lv. .... Montreal .....	Ar. ....		
Lv. .... Quebec .....	Lv. ....		
Lv. .... St. Irene .....	Lv. ....		
Ar. .... Murray Bay .....	Lv. ....		
Lv. .... Murray Bay .....	Ar. ....		
Lv. .... St. Simeon .....	Lv. ....		
Ar. .... Tadousac .....	Lv. ....		
Lv. .... Tadousac .....	Ar. ....		
Ar. .... Ha! Ha! Bay .....	Lv. ....		

# TORONTO—NIAGARA—BUFFALO

## NIAGARA RIVER LINE DIVISION

Service between Toronto, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Queenston and Lewiston:

From May 15th to 21st, two trips each way, daily, except Sundays.

From May 22d to June 18th, four trips each way, daily, except Sundays.

From June 19th to September 6th, six trips each way, daily, except Sundays.

From September 7th to 11th, four trips each way, daily, except Sundays.

From September 13th to October 9th, two trips each way, daily, except Sundays.

SUNDAY SERVICE—From June 27th to September 5th, inclusive, four trips each way.

## THOUSAND ISLAND STEAMBOAT DIVISION

Service between Kingston, Ont., and Cape Vincent, N.Y.,—Steamer "America."

READ DOWN			LANDINGS			READ UP		
c	b	a	b	Lv. . . . . Kingston . . . . . A	b	c	b	a
1.30 pm	7.30 am	5.00 am	2.00 am	Ar. . . . . Cape Vincent . . . . . Lv	9.00 am	10.45 am	12.45 am	8.05 pm
3.30 pm	9.30 am	7.00 am	7.00 am		7.15 am	8.45 am	11.00 am	6.05 pm

(a) In effect June 15th to September 13th; (b) Sunday service, in effect from June 7th to September 13th; (c) in effect May 1st until close of navigation.

## CLAYTON—ALEXANDRIA BAY

Service between Clayton and Alexandria Bay, N.Y., and intermediate points, connecting with principal trains of the New York Central R. R. at Clayton, N.Y.

# Sight-Seeing Trips Among The Thousand Islands

## THE FIFTY-MILE RAMBLE

The most picturesque fifty-mile water trip in the world. Fare, fifty cents.

## THE SEARCHLIGHT TRIP

Forty miles of island scenery by searchlight, every evening. Fare, fifty cents.

## TOUR OF THE ISLANDS

The graceful yacht "Ramona," twice daily, running close to all points of interest, and through intricate and beautiful channels. Fare, seventy-five cents.

All St. Lawrence tourists should plan to stop over at the Thousand Islands to fully enjoy the matchless scenery seen on the side trips among the islands, sailing close to the beautiful summer homes in the American Channel, and through the wild natural scenery in the Canadian Channel of the river.



# FARES BETWEEN SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL POINTS, 1915

BETWEEN TORONTO		ROUND
AND	ONE WAY	TRIP
Charlotte (Port of Rochester)	\$2.75	\$ 4.50
Alexandria Bay	5.60	10.00
Montreal	10.00	16.70
Quebec	14.90	24.05
Murray Bay	17.00	27.45
Tadoussac	18.00	29.20
Saguenay River	19.50	32.70

BETWEEN CHARLOTTE		ROUND
(PORT OF ROCHESTER)		TRIP
AND	ONE WAY	TRIP
Montreal	\$ 9.50	\$15.75
Quebec	14.40	23.10
Murray Bay	16.50	26.50
Tadoussac	17.50	28.25
Saguenay River	19.00	31.75

Stop-over permitted at Thousand Islands.

BETWEEN MONTREAL		ROUND
AND	ONE WAY	TRIP
Quebec	\$4.90	\$ 7.35
Murray Bay	7.00	10.75
Tadoussac	8.00	12.50
Saguenay River	9.50	16.00

BETWEEN QUEBEC		ROUND
AND	ONE WAY	TRIP
Murray Bay	\$ 3.00	\$ 4.70
Tadoussac	4.00	6.50
Saguenay River	5.50	9.50

BETWEEN THOUSAND ISLANDS			
ONE WAY FROM		ROUND TRIP FROM	
AND	Clayton	Alexandria Bay	Clayton
Montreal	\$ 5.50	\$ 5.25	\$ 9.50
Quebec	10.20	10.15	16.20
Murray Bay	12.30	12.25	19.60
Tadoussac	13.30	13.25	21.35
Saguenay River	14.80	14.75	24.85

## GULF PORT SERVICE

### BETWEEN MONTREAL, QUEBEC AND GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE S. S. "CASCAPEDIA"

Sailing from Montreal, commencing April 29th, fortnightly, Thursdays; Quebec, Fridays; for Summerside, P. E. I., Charlottetown, P. E. I., and Pictou, N. S. Returning, sailing from Pictou fortnightly, Thursdays, commencing May 6th. Trains from Halifax and St. John connect with steamer.

## QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY, LIMITED

OPERATED BY CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES, LIMITED

NEW YORK AND BERMUDA SERVICE

PROPOSED SCHEDULE OF SAILINGS FOR MAY, JUNE AND JULY, 1915

S.S. BERMUDIAN	Leave New York	Due Bermuda	Leave Bermuda	Due New York
11.00 am	Wednesday, May 5	Friday, May 7	Saturday, May 8	Monday, May 10
11.00 am	Wednesday, May 12	Friday, May 14	Saturday, May 15	Monday, May 17
11.00 am	Wednesday, May 19	Friday, May 21	Saturday, May 22	Monday, May 24
11.00 am	Wednesday, May 26	Friday, May 28	Saturday, May 29	Monday, May 31
11.00 am	Saturday, June 5	Monday, June 7	Saturday, June 12	Monday, June 14
11.00 am	Wednesday, June 16	Friday, June 18	Tuesday, June 22	Thursday, June 24
11.00 am	Saturday, June 26	Monday, June 28	Saturday, July 3	Monday, July 5
11.00 am	Wednesday, July 7	Friday, July 9	Tuesday, July 13	Thursday, July 15
11.00 am	Saturday, July 17	Monday, July 19	Saturday, July 24	Monday, July 26
11.00 am	Wednesday, July 28	Friday, July 30	Tuesday, Aug. 3	Thursday, Aug. 5

Round trip, including meals and berth, \$25.00 and up, from New York.

Write for further particulars as to rates and sailings after August 5, 1915.

## NEW YORK AND WEST INDIA LINES

NEW YORK AND WINDWARD ISLANDS MAIL STEAMSHIP LINE.—St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Kitts, Antigua, Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbadoes and Demerara.

The new S. S. "GUIANA," 3,700 tons; "PARIMA," 3,000 tons; "KORONA," 2,900 tons, with excellent passenger accommodations, are scheduled to sail from Pier 47, North River, New York, about every ten days. Special cruises to the WEST INDIES during January, February and March. For all information as to the above routes, apply to

THOS. HENRY, Passenger Traffic Manager, TORONTO, CANADA

# Leading Hotels and Boarding-Houses

## Niagara to the Sea

Minimum rates only are shown in this list. Rates under heading A Plan include room and meals.  
E Plan rates are for room only.

NAME OF PLACE AND HOUSE	MANAGER OR PROPRIETOR	NO. ROOMS	RATE PER DAY		WEEKLY RATE
			A. PLAN	E. PLAN	
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.					
International.....	E. Osborne.....	300	\$3.50	.....	.....
Prospect.....	D. Isaacs.....	100	3.50	.....	.....
Imperial.....	S. Greenwood.....	100	2.50	.....	.....
Kaltenbach.....	A. Kaltenbach.....	50	3.00	.....	.....
Clifton.....	R. C. Owen.....	75	2.00	\$1.00	.....
Temperance.....	H. Hubbs.....	200	2.00	.....	.....
NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA					
Clifton Hotel.....	G. R. Major.....	300	4.00	.....	.....
Hospice Mt. Carmel.....	J. H. Gilmour.....	50	3.00	.....	.....
Lafayette.....	.....	50	2.50	1.00	.....
NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE, ONT.					
Queens Royal.....	H. Winnett.....	200	3.00	.....	.....
TORONTO, CANADA					
Arlington.....	Taylor & Woods.....	100	2.50	.....	.....
Carls-Rite.....	Geo. Wright & Co.....	200	2.50	1.00	.....
Iroquois.....	Currie & Ormsby.....	100	2.50	.....	.....
King Edward.....	Wm. C. Bailey.....	400	.....	1.50	.....
Isabella, Private Hotel.....	Isabella Mansions Co.....	75	.....	1.50	.....
Mossop.....	F. M. Mossop.....	100	.....	1.50	.....
Prince George.....	S. H. Thompson.....	400	3.00	1.50	.....
Queens.....	McGaw & Winnett.....	400	3.00	1.50	.....
Walker House.....	Geo. Wright & Co.....	200	2.50	1.00	.....
ROCHESTER, N. Y.					
New Osburn.....	D. Yellowly.....	150	2.50	1.00	.....
Powers Hotel.....	Messner & Swenson.....	400	.....	1.50	.....
Rochester.....	W. H. Horstman.....	250	.....	1.50	.....
Seneca.....	A. B. Sanderl.....	250	.....	1.50	.....
Whitcomb.....	Thos. C. Riley.....	200	.....	1.00	.....
KINGSTON, CANADA					
British American.....	H. M. Sherliff.....	120	2.00	.....	.....
Frontenac.....	A. A. Welch.....	125	3.00	.....	.....
Iroquois.....	J. R. Thercault.....	50	1.50	.....	.....
Randolph.....	J. Randolph.....	100	2.50	.....	.....
CLAYTON, N. Y.					
Hubbard.....	E. M. Hubbard.....	75	3.00	.....	.....
Herald.....	N. B. Bertrand.....	50	2.00	.....	.....
Hayes.....	Mrs. Gillette.....	25	1.50	.....	.....
Walton.....	— Kelly.....	100	2.50	.....	.....
THOUSAND ISLAND REGION					
Murray Hill, Murray Isle, N. Y.	.....	200	3.00	.....	Apply
Lotus, St. Lawrence Park, N. Y.	.....	100	2.50	.....	Apply
Ivy Lea, Ivy Lea, Canada.....	.....	50	2.00	.....	Apply
Grenadier Is. Hotel, Rockport, Can.	.....	50	1.50	.....	Apply
Island View, Rockport, Ont., Can.	.....	50	2.00	.....	Apply
THOUSAND ISLAND PARK, N. Y.					
Eager Cottage.....	Geo. Eager.....	50	1.50	.....	\$10.00
Geneva.....	E. P. Stengle.....	50	2.00	.....	10.00
Hotel Wellesley.....	E. J. Preston.....	200	2.00	.....	12.00
Pratt House.....	J. H. Arthur.....	75	2.50	.....	16.00
Park View.....	Mrs. W. H. Delmore.....	25	Rates on Application		.....
Pennsylvania.....	E. G. Slevin.....	50	1.50	.....	8.00
River Rest.....	Mrs. S. Barton.....	20	1.50	.....	9.00
Three Views.....	Mrs. A. Caudfield.....	12	1.50	.....	9.00
Wren.....	J. B. Gifford.....	50	1.50	.....	10.00
Rochester.....	G. H. Wilder.....	75	1.50	.....	9.00
GANANOQUE, ONT., CANADA					
International.....	W. C. McCarney.....	50	2.00	.....	10.00
Provincial.....	W. C. McCarney.....	35	2.00	.....	10.00
The Inn.....	A. A. Welch.....	100	3.00	1.50	17.00
1,000 Island Inn on Float Island.	A. Macfarlane.....	50	2.00	.....	12.00
ALEXANDRIA BAY, N. Y.					
Boarding-House.....	Mrs. A. E. Barker.....	20	1.00	.....	Apply
Boarding-House.....	Mrs. A. F. Bachman.....	18	1.00	.....	Apply
Boarding-House.....	Mrs. J. N. Comstock.....	20	1.00	.....	Apply
Boarding-House.....	C. H. Campbell.....	12	1.00	.....	Apply
Edgewood.....	J. H. Murdick.....	100	3.00	.....	Apply
Marsden House.....	F. L. Raymond.....	200	2.50	1.00	Apply
Monticello.....	F. L. Raymond.....	50	3.00	.....	Apply
St. Lawrence.....	J. S. Chitester.....	50	2.00	.....	Apply
St. James.....	Mrs. E. Weterhahn.....	50	2.00	.....	Apply
The Crossmon.....	C. W. Crossmon.....	200	4.00	.....	Apply
Thousand Island House.....	O. G. Staples.....	300	4.00	.....	Apply
Walton Cottages.....	Weston Fall.....	50	2.00	.....	Apply
WESTMINSTER PARK					
Westminster Hotel.....	H. F. Inglehart.....	200	2.50	.....	15.00
BROCKVILLE, CANADA					
Revere House.....	W. H. Brown.....	100	2.00	.....	Apply
Strathcona Hall.....	W. H. Brown.....	100	2.00	.....	.....
PRESCOTT, CANADA					
Daniels.....	W. E. McAskin.....	50	2.00	.....	.....
Mansion.....	T. E. Whelan.....	25	1.50	.....	.....
Queen Alexandria.....	.....	50	2.00	.....	.....



# Leading Hotels and Boarding-Houses

Continued

NAME OF PLACE AND HOUSE	MANAGER OR PROPRIETOR	NO. ROOMS	RATE PER DAY		WEEKLY RATE
			A. PLAN	E. PLAN	
ODDENSBURG, N. Y.					
Erwin .....	W. L. Merrill .....	50	\$1.50		
Norman .....	J. H. Norman .....	100	2.00		
Seymour .....	J. L. Talman .....	100	2.00		
CORNWALL, ONTARIO					
King George .....	J. R. Duquette .....	75	2.00		
Algonquin, Stanley Island .....	J. R. Duquette .....	75	2.50		Apply
MONTREAL, CANADA					
Freemans .....	F. Gallagher .....	200		\$1.50	
Grand Union .....	O. Ellis .....	125	2.00		
La Corona .....	John Healey .....	100		1.50	
Place Viger .....	Canadian Pacific Railway Co. ....	300	4.00	1.50	
Queen's .....	D. Raymond .....	250	3.00		
Ritz-Carlton .....	F. T. Quick .....	300		3.00	
St. Lawrence Hall .....	A. J. Higgins .....	300	2.50	1.00	
St. James .....	F. Bouillon .....	100	2.00	1.00	
Victoria .....	Jos. Lepine .....	100	2.00	1.00	
Windsor .....	Windsor Hotel Co. ....	700		2.00	
Boarding-House Wilhelmina, Mountain Street .....		40		1.00	
Boarding-House Dorchester, Dorchester Street .....		50	1.50		
SOREL, P. Q.					
Carlton .....	A. Lacoutere .....	40	1.50		
THREE RIVERS, P. Q.					
DeBlots Sanatorium .....	Chas. DeBlots, M. D. ....	100	2.00		
QUEBEC, P. Q.					
Chateau Frontenac .....	Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. ....	400	4.00		
Clarendon .....	J. E. Begin .....	75	2.50		
Blanchard .....	Jos. Clouthier .....	100	2.00	1.00	
Hotel Dugal .....	P. W. Dugal .....	50	2.00	1.00	
Neptune Inn .....	La Valle Bros. ....	50	2.00		
St. Louis .....	J. A. Gagnon .....	200	3.00		
Victoria .....	H. Fontaine .....	100	2.50		
Burlington Rooms .....	Miss Lenehan .....	40		1.00	
St. Ursule .....	Mrs. H. J. LeMesurier .....	50	2.00		\$10.00
St. George .....	Mrs. J. L. Douglas .....	40	1.50		10.00
Empire Rooms .....	Jos. Pare .....	25		.75	
BAIE ST. PAUL, P. Q.					
Hotel Gagnon .....	Edw. Gagnon .....	20	1.50		6.00
Boarding-House .....	Dame Dr. Morin .....	10			5.00
Hotel Simard .....	Jules Simard .....	15	1.00		5.00
LES EBOULEMENTS					
Bellevue .....	A. Boudreault .....	20	1.00		6.00
Laurentides .....	A. Tremblay .....	20	1.50		6.00
Boarding-House .....	Chas. Tremblay .....	8	1.00		5.00
Boarding-House .....	Mme. Degagne .....	6	1.00		5.00
STE. IRENEE, P. Q.					
Charlevoix .....	F. Auclerc .....	50	2.50		12.00
Boarding-House .....	P. Gauthier .....	8	1.25		7.00
Boarding-House .....	L. Tremblay .....	7			7.00
MURRAY BAY, P. Q.					
Manoir Richelleu .....	Chas. E. Phenix .....	300	4.00		21.00
Chateau Murray .....	J. A. Warren .....	125	2.00		14.00
Lorne House .....	Wm. Chamard Co. ....	125	2.00		12.00
POINTE-A-PIC, P. Q.					
Pointhe-a-Pic .....	Jos. Desbiens .....	20	1.50		8.00
Warren Hotel .....	Mme. Warren .....	10	1.00		7.00
Boarding-House .....	Jos. Duschne .....	10	1.75		8.00
Boarding-House .....	Naz Duschne .....	10	1.75		8.00
CAP-A-L'AIGLE, P. Q.					
Boarding-House .....	H. Tremblay .....	40	1.50		8.00
Boarding-House .....	Mrs. Geo. Rivier .....	15	1.00		6.00
Boarding-House .....	Ulric-Bheaur .....	12			6.00
Boarding-House .....	Thos. Bouchard .....	10			6.00
ST. SIMEON, P. Q.					
Boarding-House .....	Henri Savard .....	6	1.00		7.00
Hotel St. Simeon .....	Elie Tremblay .....	20	1.00		5.00
Nine Lakes Hotel .....	Geo. Belle .....	22	1.50		7.00
TADOUSAC, P. Q.					
Tadoussac Hotel .....	F. B. Bowen .....	150	3.00		18.00
Boarding-House .....	E. O. Boulaine .....	12	2.00		12.00
Boarding-House .....	A. Lavoie .....	12	1.50		10.00
Boarding-House .....	Mme. O. Boulaine .....	15			10.00
Boarding-House .....	Mme. H. Desmoules .....	8	1.50		10.00
Boarding-House .....	Mme. Desmoules .....	6	1.50		10.00
Boarding-House .....	Mme. Calélier .....	10	2.00		12.00
ST. ALPHONSE, P. Q.					
McLean Hotel .....	Mme. McLean .....	50	2.00		10.00
Boarding-House .....	C. Levesque .....	10	1.50		6.00
Boarding-House .....	Wm. Levesque .....	4			5.00
CHICOUTIMI, P. Q.					
L'Hotel Chicoutimi .....	Jos. Neron .....	42	1.25		

## DISTANCES FROM TORONTO TO QUEBEC, QUEBEC TO CHICOUTIMI AND QUEBEC TO PICTOU, N. S.

	MILES
Toronto to Charlotte.....	93
Charlotte to Kingston.....	86
Kingston to Clayton.....	21
Clayton to Frontenac.....	1.75
Frontenac to Alexandria Bay.....	22
Alexandria Bay to Brockville.....	22
Brockville to Prescott.....	12
Prescott to Cornwall.....	50.25
Cornwall to Montreal.....	75
Montreal to Quebec.....	180
Quebec to Baie St. Paul.....	63.1
Baie St. Paul to Eboulements.....	4.6
Eboulements to St. Irene.....	12.8
St. Irene to Murray Bay.....	4.6
Murray Bay to Cap a l'Aigle.....	3.5
Cap a l'Aigle to St. Simeon.....	17.5
St. Simeon to Tadousac.....	38.8
Tadousac to St. Jean.....	18.7
St. Jean to Ha! Ha! Bay.....	30.4
Ha! Ha! Bay to Chicoutimi.....	18.7
Total distance Toronto to Chicoutimi.....	762.7
Quebec to Father Point.....	160
Father Point to Gaspé Basin.....	208
Gaspé Basin to Summerside, P. E. I.....	234
Summerside to Charlottetown.....	50
Charlottetown to Pictou, N. S.....	50
Total distance Quebec to Pictou.....	702

### STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE

Twenty miles east of Quebec is the famous pilgrimage Shrine La Bonne Ste. Anne. On the festive days the visitor who is sceptical on the matter of cures will be able to witness the triumphs of faith, in the miraculous, which are yearly reported at this great pilgrimage shrine of the Church.

The local church is of ancient foundation, and is much venerated by the faithful. A magnificent modern edifice has of recent years been erected to accommodate the increasing bands of devout pilgrims who resort to the wonder-working Shrine of Ste. Anne. Electric cars leave Quebec hourly.





FROM  
**Lake Superior to the Sea**

THE  
**Richelieu & Ontario**  
DIVISION  
OF THE  
**Canada Steamship Lines, Limited**  
"The All-Water Route"  
**NIAGARA TO THE SEA**

**Gulf & River St. Lawrence**  
**Bermuda—West Indies**  
DIVISIONS  
OF THE  
**Canada Steamship Lines, Limited**



## CUSTOMS REGULATIONS COVERING THE PERSONAL EFFECTS OF TRAVELERS

### FOR THE INFORMATION OF TRAVELERS TO AND FROM CANADA

Travelers to and from Canada having ordinary personal baggage will find the customs regulations easily complied with. A special provision is made in the case of sealskin garments. A garment made in whole or in part of sealskin taken from the United States may be re-entered free of duty provided the garment is presented by the owner for inspection to the United States Customs Collector at the port of departure from the United States for Canada. The Collector will register the garment and issue a certificate of ownership therefor which certificate must be presented to the United States Customs Collector at the port of entry on returning to the United States. Sealskin garments not registered are subject to confiscation on being brought back to the United States.

Residents of the United States may take into Canada their wearing apparel and other personal effects and upon return to the United States are entitled to have the same admitted free of duty. They are also entitled to have admitted free of duty, if they have been in Canada for several days, articles to the value of \$100 purchased or otherwise acquired in Canada, in the nature of wearing apparel, articles of personal adornment, toilet articles and similar personal effects, which are necessary and appropriate for the purpose of owner's journey and not intended for other persons or for sale.

Recent customs regulations provide that the importation of aigrettes (egret plumes) or so-called osprey plumes, and the feathers, quills, heads, wings, tails, skins, or parts of skins of wild birds, either raw or manufactured, and not for scientific or educational purposes, is hereby prohibited; but this provision shall not apply to the feathers or plumes of ostriches, or to feathers or plumes of domestic fowls of any kind.

Attention is directed to the fact that the prohibited articles can not be brought into the United States even though they may have been part of the passenger's wearing apparel when leaving the States.

Travelers from Canada temporarily visiting the United States and wishing to take with them into the United States for personal use, garments made in whole or in part of sealskin, are required to make an affidavit before a United States Consul or Notary Public that their stay in the United States will be temporary and that within a specified number of days they will return to Canada with the fur-seal garment in their possession. Such affidavit to be presented to the United States Customs Collector at the port of entry to the United States.

BAGGAGE may be examined at Toronto, Montreal and at C. S. L. Wharf, Quebec, by American customs officials and checked through to destination in the United States, thus avoiding the inconvenience of examination at the port of entry on the frontier. Baggage from the United States destined to cities just named, will be carried through Canada in bond to destination, avoiding examination at Canadian frontier.

### SPECIAL NOTICE

We desire to call attention to a ruling of the Immigration Department of the Canadian Government wherein it is stated that its officers are in no way interfering with bona-fide tourist traffic, and persons desirous of visiting points of interest in Canada or passing through Canada en route to other places will be accorded the same courteous treatment as heretofore and that passports are not required.

## GENERAL INFORMATION

**RE PASSPORTS.** Citizens of the United States do not require passports when visiting Canada during the war.

**PASSENGERS' MAIL.** Mail should be addressed in care of C. S. L. Co's wharf office at Toronto, Ont., Alexandria Bay, N. Y., and Montreal or Quebec, Canada, and be called for by passengers. All mail should show a return address.

**Lost Tickets.**—As the Company is not responsible for lost tickets, every precaution should be taken for their security.

**Stop-Over Checks** will be granted, on application to purser, to holders of unlimited first-class tickets. These stop-over checks are not transferable and will not be accepted after date of expiration. Refund will not be allowed on stop-over checks.

**CHILDREN** under five years, accompanied, free; children over five years and under twelve, half fare; over twelve, full fare.

**MEALS.**—Meals on the steamers of this line are served on the American plan. Breakfast and supper, 75 cents; dinner, \$1.00 (noon or evening).

**PRICE OF STATEROOMS.**—Toronto to Prescott—Berth in inside room, \$1.00 to \$1.50; in outside room, \$1.50 to \$2.00. Parlor room, \$5.00; with bathroom, \$6.00.

Prescott to Montreal (day boat)—Staterooms, \$2.00.

Between Montreal and Quebec—Berths in inside rooms, \$1.00; berths in outside rooms, \$1.00 to \$1.50. Room, containing two berths, inside room, \$2.00; outside room, \$2.50. For round trip, with bath, \$3.00.

Saguenay Line—Berths in inside rooms for round trip, \$2.00; berths in outside rooms, for round trip, \$3.00. Inside rooms for round trip, \$4.00; outside rooms, \$5.00. Parlor rooms, \$8.00.

Stop-over will be granted on stateroom tickets on Saguenay division, on application to purser, but passengers must take the risk of space being available when checks are presented.

STATEROOMS can be secured by making application by letter or telegraph, to under-mentioned agents, stating clearly the number of berths required, from and to what ports, and date of sailing. No refunds allowed on stateroom tickets. If possible, passengers should claim staterooms reserved at ticket offices before steamer sails.

From BUFFALO, N.Y. . . . . J. N. Foy, G. A. P. D., 18 East Swan Street

From TORONTO, Ont. . . . . H. D. PATERSON, G. A. P. D., 46 Yonge Street

From ROCHESTER, N.Y. . . . . W. F. CLONEY, G. A. P. D., 32 Main Street, West

From 1000 ISLAND PORTS. . . . . Ticket Agent, Alexandria Bay, N.Y.

From MONTREAL, East or West. . . . . D. OLIVIER, Ticket Agent, 9 Victoria Square

From QUEBEC, East or West. . . . . M. P. CONNOLLY, General Agent, Dalhousie St.

During July and August all steamers must accommodate at least two persons. Therefore in requesting reservation, it is important to state whether the accommodation desired is for a lady, gentleman, or family so that passengers may be properly located. Experienced stewardess carried on all boats.

### SPECIAL NOTICE

Canada Steamship Lines steamers may not carry passengers from one port in New York State to another port in same State, nor will stop-over be permitted at two United States ports in succession.

If any disagreement with Purser regarding tickets, privileges, etc., passengers should pay Purser's claim, obtain receipt, and refer to the Passenger Traffic Manager. Purser has no discretionary power in such matters.

### CONNECTIONS

TORONTO.—With steamers for Niagara Falls, Buffalo, etc., Grand Trunk, Canadian Pacific railways, and Canadian Northern Ontario Railroad, Niagara, St. Catharines & Toronto Railway and Navigation Company, and other steamboat lines.

CHARLOTTE.—With New York Central Railroad and Electric Line.

KINGSTON.—With Grand Trunk Railway and K. & P. Railway, Rideau Lakes Navigation Company, Grand Trunk Railway sleepers from the West run to steamboat dock, making close connection with steamer for Thousand Islands and Montreal.

CLAYTON.—With New York Central Railroad through sleepers, which run to steamboat dock, and with all island resorts.

PRESCOTT.—With Grand Trunk Railway and Canadian Pacific Railway.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y.—With New York Central Lines and Rutland Railroad.

MONTREAL.—With Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk, Central Vermont, Delaware & Hudson, New York Central and Rutland railways, to and from New York, Boston, White Mountains and Adirondack resorts and all ocean steamers.

THREE RIVERS.—St. Maurice Valley Railroad and Canadian Pacific Railway.

QUEBEC.—With Intercolonial, Quebec Central, Quebec & Lake St. John, Grand Trunk, by ferry, Canadian Pacific and all ocean steamers. With S.S. "Cascapedia" for Prince Edward Island ports and Elsie, N. S.

CHICOUTIMI.—With Quebec & Lake St. John Railway.

### SPECIAL EXCURSION TOURS

Special round-trip excursion tickets, including meals and berths, on sale at Company's offices. For details, write agents Richelieu and Ontario Division, as follows:

J. V. Foy, Gen'l Agent Pass'r Dept. . . . . 18 East Swan St., Buffalo, N.Y.

W. F. CLONEY, Gen'l Agt. Pass'r Dept. . . . . 32 W. Main St., Rochester, N.Y.

H. D. PATERSON, Gen'l Agent Pass'r Dept. . . . . 46 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

D. OLIVIER, City Ticket Agent. . . . . 9 and 11 Victoria Square, Montreal, P. Q.

M. P. CONNOLLY, General Agent. . . . . Canada S. S. Lines Wharf, Quebec, P. Q.

## Great Lake Cruises

Personally  
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Berths—  
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Lake Superior—Georgian Bay  
and 30,000 Islands

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**Cruise No. 1.** Sarnia to Duluth via Soo, Fort William, Port Arthur and return—sailings three times weekly, on Huronic Mondays, Hamonic Wednesdays, and Noronic Saturdays.

**Cruise No. 2.** Collingwood and Owen Sound to Duluth and return three times weekly, with direct connections on Grand Trunk from Toronto.

**Cruise No. 3.** Collingwood and Owen Sound to Mackinac, Soo and Georgian Bay Ports, and return, three sailings weekly—Srs. Germanic and City of Midland.

**Cruise No. 4.** 30,000 Island Route, Penetang to Parry Sound and intermediate ports and return—Str. Waubic, daily. The most wonderful scenic cruise in America.

NOTE—Any of above cruises may be reversed, with named destination as starting point.

### Reserve Your Accommodations in Advance Now

Address requests for Tickets and Information to—

#### LAKE SUPERIOR ROUTE, WESTBOUND

W. J. McCORMACK, Superintendent Northern Navigation Co. . . . . Sarnia, Ont.

#### LAKE SUPERIOR ROUTE, EASTBOUND

R. CRAWFORD, Northwestern Agent, Northern Navigation Co. . . . . Winnipeg, Man.

H. HURDON, Western Agent, Northern Navigation Co. . . . . Duluth, Minn.

B. BATTEN, General Agent, Northern Navigation Co. . . . . Port Arthur, Ont.

#### GEORGIAN BAY AND MACKINAC ROUTE, WESTBOUND

W. H. SMITH, Agent, Northern Navigation Co. . . . . Owen Sound, Ont.

#### GEORGIAN BAY AND MACKINAC ROUTE, EASTBOUND

Geo. T. ARNOLD, Agent, Northern Navigation Co. . . . . Mackinac Island, Mich.

## EUROPEAN TRAVEL

All passengers booking for European trips, via the St. Lawrence route from Montreal or Quebec, should take


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